

"HANDS OF THE RIPPER"

by

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'HANDS OF THE RIPPER'FADE IN

Under Title Sequence.

1 EXT. BESNER STREET. WHITECHAPEL, LONDON. NIGHT

A dark narrow alley lit by gas lamps. A well dressed man comes pounding down the cobbles at a dead run, gasping for breath. From the top of the alley there comes the sound of his pursuers - a mob of about 10 torch carrying men, shouting 'Ripper... get him... he's done it again... Ripper etc. from the distance.

1a. EXT. MICE HOUSE ON STREET

The MAN runs into picture towards the house, opens the door and runs. We hear the sound of the approaching mob in the distance. During this or subsequently we do not see his face.

1b. INT. BED/SITTING ROOM

The MAN bursts into the room and bolts the door. He stands panting and looks up.

L.C. from the MAN's P.O.V.

1c. An attractive woman CATHERINE rises in sudden alarm from a child's bed she has been bending over and stares into CAMERA. The CHILD is three years old. The sound of the approaching mob can be heard on the street outside. The flare of their torches as they pass flicker through the curtains.

1d. The MAN runs to the window and hurriedly draws the curtain.

1e. C.U. CATHERINE - reacting in horror at the blood on his clothes and the sound - 'Ripper' - of the passing mob. We realise she understands the truth of his identity.

FREEZE FRAME AND CUT TRACK TO SILENCE:

MAIN TITLE

AFTER TITLE

1f. STAY ON CATHERINE

MAN comes into FRAME and kisses the horrified WOMAN. She looks at his hand which is wet with blood, and shows a scar on the back of the hand.

1g. C. U. Hand with scar.

FREEZE FRAME

TITLE

1h. C. U. CHILD in bed watching them.

1i. CATHERINE stares at him accusingly.

CATHERINE

There was another murder.

WIDER ANGLE

She goes to window and jerks open the curtain. The MOB is passing noisily outside.

CATHERINE

It's Jack the Ripper they're looking for.

MORE TITLES

He pulls the curtains shut in terror and as he turns towards her.

MAN

Close that you bloody fool.

1j. C.S. CATHERINE. She backs away in terror.

CATHERINE

It's you! It was you...no...no.

She turns to the bed and starts to pick up the child - ANNA.

lj. Continued

CATHERINE's intention is to flee, but she is caught by the MAN before she can lift the CHILD up.

lk. C.U. CHILD. ANNA falls back onto the bed and then struggles up on her knees to watch in horror.

The CHILD's bed has closely spaced bars and it is through these we see the murder.

ll. CLOSE LOW ANGLE SHOT through the cot bars and including ANNA.

MAN

Sorry you had to work that out, my dear.  
But you're really just another whore... like  
all the rest.

We see more the impression of the killing rather than the details of it and the sound should make the action clear.

CATHERINE begins a long wailing scream which blends with the shouts from outside and sounds of running as she is pulled away from the bed and disappears momentarily behind his black cloak as he turns her about and drives a knife into her. Her scream dies in a gurgling choke.

lm. C.U. ANNA

ANNA staring through the bars. Her eyes follow the sound of CATHERINE's body hitting the floor near the bed.

The fire light is flickering on her face. Suddenly the shadow of the MAN covers her as he steps closer and bends down. His two hands grip her about the waist and he raises her into the air.

From behind the RIPPER. He raises ANNA up until her face is opposite his own...

RIPPER

Goodbye, my child. For now.

1m. Continued

He kisses her on the cheek.

1n. C.U. CHILD's face as she is kissed.

FREEZE FRAME

TITLE

1o. Stay on ANNA as he puts her down in the bed and quickly leaves the room...

Move in CLOSER to ANNA as the fire light flickers on her face through the bars. She opens her mouth for the first time and lets out a long howl of fright that mixes with the rising noise from outside - (This 'scream theme' in it's various orchestrations will appear during subsequent murders.)

## 1 Continued

END TITLE over this FRAME. The cries of the crowd fade but do not entirely disappear under the titles.

DISSOLVE

## 2 INT. MRS GOLDING'S HALLWAY (LONDON) NIGHT

CLOSE UP ANNA Her mouth is open and she is wailing, ghost like, in a tone that carries over from the child in the last scene watching the hanging with the same expression of mindless horror.

MOVE BACK to reveal ANNA as a very beautiful little girl of 17 in a white muslin dress. She is behind the wall curtain in the heavily over furnished hallway of this Victorian London Town house.

It should not be clear at first from the ghostly wailing and her speech what she is doing - she appears to be talking to a grille in the panelled wall, through which a flickering light illuminates her face.

ANNA

(in a childish voice)

Oh ... It is cold here and I am very  
lonely Grannie ... Very lonely.

## 3 INT. LIVING ROOM MRS GOLDING'S HOUSE NIGHT

In the dim light from the fireplace we make out six people sitting about a circular table holding hands - a seance.

MRS GOLDING is a plump old dear in her 50's a professional medium of no great talent with an overtly gentle and middle class accent.

MRS GOLDING

Mary, my dear ... Now listen carefully  
to Grannie. Is there no one at all to play  
with there in the spirit world? No one at  
all my dear?

A woman of 30, MRS WILSON, across the table leans forward in a state of high agitation - tears are running down her cheeks as she struggles with her emotions. The other three Victorian gentlemen at the table watch with concern.

ANNA (O.S.)

(ghostly voice)

It is very lonely, Grannie.

3 Continued

MRS. GOLDING

(a little impatient)

Do look around now, my dear. Is there no one with you? There must be someone with you, dear. I don't think you're really trying. Look behind you.

4. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

C. U.

ANNA

(stifling a yawn)

Yes, Grannie.

5. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

MRS. GOLDING

Who is it dear? Can you see who it is?  
Look hard for Grannie now... please...

Featuring MRS. WILSON as she stifles a sob. MR. WILSON, her young husband, who sits beside her, grips her hand and is deeply moved himself.

ANNA (C.S.)

A little girl... like me...

MRS. WILSON

(crying anxiously)

Oh, ask her...

MR. WILSON shusses her with a stern glance.

MRS. GOLDING

Can you ask the little girl her name dear?  
See if you can find out her name. Her real name. Not her spirit name 'cos we wouldn't know that down here, would we?

5 Continued

ANNA (C.S.)

(giggles like a tiny girl)

She says her name is Claudia, Grannie.  
She's very nice...but her dress...it's  
all wet...

(giggle)

MRS. WILSON lets out a hysterical cry of grief and rises  
to her feet.

MRS. WILSON

Oh, it's Claudia...

(crying)

Claudia! My baby...

MR. WILSON forces her to sit.

6 ANOTHER ANGLE

DR. JOHN PRITCHARD a distinguished man of about 50  
seated on the other side of MRS. WILSON glowers angrily at  
MRS. GOLDING. His son, MICHAEL, who sits beside him,  
leans closer and whispers..

MICHAEL

Father, hasn't this gone far enough?

DR. PRITCHARD

Shuss...

MRS. WILSON

(drowning out PRITCHARD)

Oh, Claudia... Can you hear Mummy?

MRS. GOLDING

(revelling the emotions she's produced  
and ignoring PRITCHARD)

I hear voices, there are many voices but I  
cannot make out what they are saying. They  
speak in a strange foreign language. What is  
happening? I don't know what language it is,  
Italian? Is it Italian? .. La poverina.. I  
see a boat...

CUT TO:



7 INT. HALLWAY

C. J. ANNA

MRS. GOLDING (C.S.)

There has been an accident. Is that what  
I see?

As MRS. GOLDING's voice goes on, ANNA peers intently  
through the grille in the wall.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM. F.O.V. SHOT MASKED BY GRILLE

ANNA is looking at the weeping, distressed MRS. WILSON  
who is now sobbing and wringing her hands in grief.

9 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

C. J. ANNA

She is deeply moved by the poor woman's grief. A tear  
rolls down her own cheek in sympathy.

She turns away from the grille and slowly slides down the wall  
and squats on the floor hugging herself.

MRS. GOLDING (C.S.)

I see a boat... Oh... there is water... Yes, I  
see water. It's a lake!

MRS. WILSON (C.S.)

Claudia! Can you hear me... Speak to  
Mummy... please.

MRS. GOLDING (C.S.)

Is Claudia happy my dear. Can you ask her  
if she is happy, Mary dear? It's Granny  
speaking. Answer Grannie now. Is the  
little girl happy?

2 Continued

ANNA stays put staring sadly into space with tear-filled eyes.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

MRS. GOLDING

(impatiently)

Can you hear me, dear? Try now or Grannie will be very annoyed.

(after a pause)

We seem to have lost contact with the spirit world.

MRS. WILSON

Oh try, Please...try!

MRS. GOLDING

No use, dear I'm afraid

(to the grille)

if the spirits don't want to co-operate there isn't much you can do about it at this time.

As she speaks she reaches up and pulls the chain in the gas chandelier and lights up the room. She puts a doily back on the centre of the table and pointedly places in the middle of it a wooden, felt lined bowl - a collection plate.

MRS. GOLDING

Next Wednesday is an auspicious day for the spirits according to my calendar. Perhaps we could try then. I think I can spare a little time around 9.30, if you'd care to come by.

10 Continued

They all rise. The man next to DOCTOR PRITCHARD is his son MICHAEL, a young and handsome man of 26. The last member of the seance, seated beside Mrs Golding is a tall sinister man of 50 - MR DYSART. He has been totally bored by the whole affair. Now he puts on a mock smile and taking a golden coin from his pocket places it in the collection plate

MR DYSART

Mrs Golding, as a student of the occult,  
I have never been witness before to  
such close contact with the spirit world.  
Truly amazing talent you have  
Dear Lady will you allow me to contribute,  
if only a token to the immense overheads  
you obviously incur in this good work of  
yours.

The WILSONS and PRITCHARDS are already putting their money on the plate as he speaks. The WILSONS leave first, the PRITCHARDS follow out into the hall. DYSART stays behind in the living room.

MRS GOLDING

(seeing them out into  
the hall)

I hope you don't think I'm a professional  
medium. It's a natural talent you  
understand, Doctor Pritchard

PRITCHARD

A very natural talent, madame

11 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

The WILSONS ad lib emotional thank you's and good nights and go out of the front door.

MRS GOLDING returns to PRITCHARD and his son MICHAEL who stand pulling on their gloves and looking about the hallway

MRS GOLDING

(speaking to Michael)

This was your first visit Mr Pritchard  
to a spiritual medium?

11 Continued

PRITCHARD

My son has very little interest in the spirit world, there's so few people he knows that are dead.

MRS GOLDING

Well as you get older, Mr Pritchard, you will find death separating you from most of you loved ones. I'll wager you find that true don't you, Doctor Pritchard?

PRITCHARD smiles bitterly.

12 LOW ANGLE SHOT PRITCHARD'S FEET

PRITCHARD

Umm ... Goodnight Mrs Golding.

As he steps back offering his hand he treads on ANNA's bare toes that are sticking out from under the curtain.

ANNA lets out a ghostly but angry yell of pain.

ANNA

Ouch ... get off!

13 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD turns about and pulls up the curtain to reveal the squatting ANNA. He takes her hand and helps her up.

MRS GOLDING

Good heavens, whatever are you doing there, girl?

PRITCHARD

I do beg your pardon, young lady.  
Did I hurt you?

ANNA

Yes, sir.

14 CLOSE UP ANNA

ANNA stares at PRITCHARD as though at her own fate, wide eyed with awe and admiration.

14 Continued

ANNA  
I mean, no sir. It didn't really hurt.

15 GROUP SHOT

MRS GOLDING  
(wading in)  
What are you doing downstairs?  
(to Michael)  
She loves to listen to the spirit voices,  
don't you dear? Now run along ...  
to bed with you, Anna.

MRS GOLDING spins her about and gives her a resounding slap on the backside and ANNA starts for the stairs, but slows down as soon as she is out of reach, to turn back to stare at DOCTOR PRITCHARD.

16 CLOSE SHOT

PRITCHARD stares back at her - almost as though recognising her.

17 CLOSE UP

ANNA smiles very faintly and goes up a few more steps.

18 BACK TO GROUP SHOT

MRS GOLDING opens the front door. They speak quietly.

PRITCHARD  
Your child, Mrs Golding?

MRS GOLDING  
No. No. I took her in a few years back  
from the workhouse.. Out of the kindness  
of my heart you might say  
(whispers)  
she's a bit touched, you see, poor thing.  
- her Mother did herself in I hear, and  
God knows about her Father. I suppose  
she had one. One's got to do the best one  
can for the poor creatures of this world,  
don't we, Dr Pritchard.

18 INT/EXT. HALLWAY (GOLDING'S HOUSE) AND FRONT DOOR, NIGHT

The PRITCHARDS are out on the step.

PRITCHARD

Yes, of course Mrs. Golding. One must.

MRS. GOLDING closes the door.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. STREET. LONDON. NIGHT (LOT)

The PRITCHARDS come down the steps and cross the road and stop.

MICHAEL

For a music hall turn I thought it quite entertaining.

PRITCHARD

If I had my way I'd put her and all the other mediums in London out of business. That poor woman was driven to hysteria over her dead child. Mrs. Golding is only one of the dozens of greedy leeches I've watched making capital out of natural human grief in London. I only hope the articles I'm writing can have some effect in outlawing these people.

PRITCHARD looks at MICHAEL whose good spirits are dampened by this angry outburst.

PRITCHARD

Sorry. I can hardly expect you to be interested in my pet causes.

21 ANOTHER ANGLE

They reach the other side of the road where Pritchard's carriage driven by PLEASANTS is waiting for them.

PRITCHARD

Home now, Pleasants, if you please.

21 Continued

PRITCHARD opens the door but MICHAEL stops him.

MICHAEL

You forget Father. It's tonight my friends are having their "surprise" stag party at the club in my honour.

PRITCHARD

So soon?

MICHAEL

Our wedding is only six days away. Laura's boat docks tomorrow, Father.

PRITCHARD

(not happy)

How these things catch up on one.

MICHAEL sees his reservations and frowns.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't have phrased it exactly that way.

PRITCHARD

We'll talk later. You take the carriage. I feel like a stroll. Run along to your club, my boy

(opening door)

Have a good time.

As he gets in:

MICHAEL

Will you come to the station with me tomorrow to meet Laura.

PRITCHARD

I don't think I can make it, Michael, sorry.

MICHAEL

Goodnight Father.

MICHAEL nods showing his disappointment and closes the carriage door and it starts away. As it moves off a grimy looking STREET ARAB who has been idling nearby comes sidling up to PRITCHARD.

21 Continued

## STREET ARAB

Like a cab sir. I could run down to the Strand and get you one, sir.

## PRITCHARD

Yes, very well. I'll wait here.

PRITCHARD takes out a cigar and leans back against the railings to light it.

22 INT. UPPER HALLWAY OF MRS GOLDING'S HOUSE NIGHT

MR DYSART the tall rather sinister member of the seance is counting five pound notes out into MRS GOLDING's hand - he finishes - she remains staring at it. They speak in quiet voices mindful of the door at the end of the hall.

## MRS GOLDING

It's like thirty pieces of silver to me. I'll never forgive myself . . . I never will. The poor little dear's only seventeen.

## DYSART

Oh, come now. It's bound to happen. Sooner than later if I'm any judge of the girl.

DYSART is a practised lecher. He stubs out his cigar on the hall table and starts past MRS GOLDING. She holds his arm.

## MRS GOLDING

Mr Dysart. You will be kind to her, won't you? She's an innocent girl, you know.

## DYSART

She'd better be. At that price.

## MRS GOLDING

If I wasn't desperate for money I'd never allow this Mr Dysart.

## DYSART

Of course not.

He taps on the door and opens it then steps in . . . MRS GOLDING starts down the stairs.



23 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

ANNA'S P.O.V. as DYSART comes in with an oily smile.

DYSART

Hello, my dear ...

24 ESTABLISHING SHOT

The bedroom is a small and sparsely furnished room. The window is open and uncurtained. ANNA who has been sitting on the edge of the hard bed, rises slowly and stares back at DYSART with frightened eyes.

DYSART

Don't be frightened my dear. Surely  
your aunt told you I was coming to  
pay you a little visit tonight, didn't  
she? ...

ANNA

Yes sir.

ANNA is standing near the window. DYSART steps in front of her and then reaches to close the window.

DYSART

Shall we close this my dear.  
Make things more cosy.

25 EXT. STREET NIGHT

PRITCHARD is re-lighting his cigar when the sound of the window slamming causes him to look up at Mrs Golding's upper storey.

26 P.O.V. SHOT

Framed in the lighted window for a brief second is DYSART and ANNA. The window closed, DYSART puts his hands on ANNA's shoulders and moves her back from the window.

27 REACTION SHOT OF PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD sighs and turns away throwing his cigar into the gutter in disgust.

PRITCHARD

(exasperated - looking  
about for his cab)

Oh. Come along - will you?

## 28 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

ANNA is seated on the bed. DYSART beside her. His great size making her look even smaller and more helpless. She is trembling with fear and on the verge of tears.

DYSART

I've brought you a little present,  
Anna.

DYSART takes out his handkerchief. He unfolds it, as she watches fascinated, and produces a small jewelled Fleur de Lys, about one inch square. He takes it out of the handkerchief and puts it in the palm of her left hand.

DYSART

There now what do you think of that?  
I'll wager you have never had anything  
that pretty before in your life have you?

## 29 REACTION SHOT OF ANNA

Move in slowly to ANNA's face - closer and closer until her eyes alone fill the screen. They seem to grow in size and sparkle like the jewels. As DYSART speaks a faint sound begins growing on the track. More like distant wind at first, it is derived from the mob sounds under the hanging at the beginning. An animal moan that grows as this scene goes on until it dominates all other sounds: "Alexander's theme". It appears whenever ANNA becomes entranced.

CUT TO

## 30 CLOSE SHOT

The Fleur de Lys in ANNA's hand. Its jewels sparkle (like ANNA's eyes) ... move in until its flashes of colour seem to burn out the screen. The sound (which only she hears) fills the whole track and turns DYSART's voice into a distant hollow booming.

CUT TO

## 31 TWO SHOT OF ANNA AND DYSART

ANNA staring at the Fleur de Lys in her hand with a smile on her face. Normal sounds. A sudden feeling of back to reality. Except ANNA has a decidedly different appearance. Her innocence is replaced by a sensuality.

31 Continued

DYSART

These are real precious stones, all diamonds, rubies, pearls and that sort of thing. What do you think of it, eh? ... It's all yours, you know.

As he speaks he slips an arm around her shoulders. But suddenly she begins to sway back and forth, humming a tune only she can hear in her mind. The fact that her voice is much deeper than normal causes DYSART to take his arm away and move back from her in confusion.

DYSART

I say, girl, are you all right?  
What's the trouble? huh? ...

She goes on swaying back and forth staring at the brooch and humming.

DYSART

(rising to his feet)  
Look girl, dammit!  
(peering at her closely)  
This is no time for playing about.  
What's the matter with you?

ANNA continues swaying back and forth letting out her animal moan - a contorted grin on her face.

(The voodoo logic is that the sight of the Fleur de Lys - or any strobe lighting effect - puts her into this trance but it is someone kissing her that completes the "possession" of her by Alexander and triggers off the violence).

DYSART

(cynical)  
Look, my girl ... I don't know what you think you're pulling on me.

DYSART lifts her face and slaps her gently at first and then hard. It has no effect. ANNA remains in her trance.

DYSART

(unsure)  
Come along! You're not dealing with some rustic on his first night out in London, you know. Come along now!

DYSART slaps her again.

32 INT. LOWER HALLWAY NIGHT

MRS GOLDING hears the shouting and starts up the stairs on the run.

33 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The door bursts open and MRS GOLDING rushes in and gets between ANNA and DYSART.

MRS GOLDING

Stop it! Stop it! Mr Dysart. She's only an innocent girl.

DYSART

Look here you old bitch. I've paid my money and you're not putting me off with this little game.

MRS GOLDING

There, there, Anna  
(putting an arm  
about her)

It's alright. It's all right now dear  
... It happens to us all. Mr Dysart didn't mean to hurt you.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE

DYSART is frightened by the sight of ANNA and the deep sound she makes in spite of his firm belief he is being bilked.

DYSART

Oldest trick in the business. I suppose you've sold her as a virgin a dozen times before ... Well you'll not get away with it this time ... I'll have my way with her or I'll have my money back. One or the other and damn smartly!

DYSART reaches for ANNA and slaps her but MRS GOLDING, her arms about ANNA shields her, and turns away. She kneels on the floor with ANNA shielding her as best she can from DYSART.

MRS GOLDING

Stop it! Mr Dysart! Stop it! Oh, here then - take your money back.

## 35 LOW ANGLE

MRS GOLDING takes the money from her décolletage and throws it at him. Most of the money lands near the small coal burning fireplace and one of the notes landing on the coal catches fire. DYSART drops to his knees and tries to retrieve it with the long brass handled poker. This is no good so he drops it behind him on the floor and tries with the tongs. At this stage they are all kneeling on the floor. DYSART's back to ANNA and MRS GOLDING.

DYSART

Bloody fool! It's easier burnt than earned, you know.

## 36 TWO SHOT OF ANNA AND MRS GOLDING

MRS GOLDING

(rocking Anna back and forth)

There, there you poor thing ... Anna.  
... It's alright, my dear ...

MRS GOLDING kisses ANNA on the cheek, meaning only to comfort her as she would a child.

## 37 REVERSE ANGLE ON DYSART

DYSART retrieves the smouldering note from the fire and beats out the flame.

DYSART

Look what you've done. I'm going to take this out of both your hides.

DYSART looks round to complain to MRS GOLDING but what he sees transfixes him with horror. He lets out a coarse yell and scrambles for the door. MRS GOLDING starts to scream (we do not see her)

## 38 CLOSE SHOT

An almost subliminal SHOT of a very large and hairy male hand as it closes about the handle of the poker and pulls it away.

## 39 EXT. STREET NIGHT (LOT)

The hansom cab arrives. PRITCHARD is paying off the STREET ARAB and is about to get into the cab.

39 Continued

Continue the sound of the scream (muted at the cut) which goes on and is repeated.

STREET AREA

Sorry it took so long sir...

They all hear the scream and turn to look up at the lighted window...the scream ends as though cut off with a knife.

STREET AREA

(shouts)

Blimey. "Police"

And runs off.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD starts across the street towards the house.

41 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF MRS. GOLDING'S HOUSE. NIGHT

As PRITCHARD reaches the bottom of the front steps the door bursts open and DYSART comes out on the run looking like a wild man. He tears down the steps, and bumps into PRITCHARD. They stare at one another for a brief second before DYSART runs off into the night. Suddenly it is very quiet.

PRITCHARD

What's going on here?

PRITCHARD goes up the stairs, and in through the open front door into the lighted hallway.

42 INT. MRS. GOLDING'S HOUSE. HALLWAY AND STAIRS. NIGHT

PRITCHARD stops and listens. There is a faint groaning sound from upstairs.

PRITCHARD goes to the stairway and starts up.

43 C. U.

PRITCHARD peers into the shadows at the top of the stairs...

44 INT. UPPER HALLWAY

PEITCHARD comes into view. The groaning is louder.  
He sees ANNA crouched near an open door. She is staring  
at the brooch which is clutched in her hand.

45 PEITCHARD approaches her and looks at her staring eyes  
and then at her hands clutching the brooch. The groaning  
starts up again - he walks towards the open door.

SCENES 43-48 DELETED

47 Continued

CABBIE

Come on Miss. You'll be alright.

They start down the stairs as Pritchard starts up. We STAY ON him, as he goes up the stairs.

ANNA

Why are we ...

CABBIE

Now, now. Don't you worry, Miss.

48 INT. UPPER HALLWAY NIGHT

PRITCHARD comes up the stairs, and stops to listen. All is very silent and dark. There is a faint creak from the door to ANNA's room. PRITCHARD takes the lamp from the hall table and advances towards it and then stops at what he sees.

49 P. O. V. SHOT

The door opens inwards and is about half open. Standing her back against the door is MRS GOLDING. She appears to be on tiptoes. and is gripping the knob and the edge of the door with either hand in an effort to maintain this position. Her eyes are open and she seems unharmed.

PRITCHARD

Mrs Golding?

50 RESUME LONG SHOT

PRITCHARD comes close to her and turns up the lamp.

51 CLOSE UP OF MRS GOLDING

MRS GOLDING opens her mouth but cannot speak.

PRITCHARD (O. S.)

Are you alright?

52 TWO SHOT

She looks down trying to indicate something at her waist. PRITCHARD lowers the lamp to look and we see the round brass knob of the poker handle gleaming against the lower part of her black silk dress. That



52 Continued

is all that is showing. MRS GOLDING lets out an agonised grunt and wraps her hand about the knob ... as though to pull it out. Her action makes the door swing shut.

53 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

PRITCHARD steps inside lighting the back of the door and we see the rest of the poker has gone through her and the door. The sharp end of it is sticking out in a fan of wood splinters.

54 BIG CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD's eyes narrow with puzzlement.

55 CLOSE UP MRS GOLDING

She dies and her head falls against her shoulder.

56 EXT. POLICE STATION (BACK YARD) DAY

Several policemen are coming out. A black maria pulls up and some whores get out and they're pushed towards the station by two large policemen. The sun is shining and all is well. We ZOOM BACK through the window into:

57 INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE DAY

The INSPECTOR is a large florid man with an abundance of mutton chop whiskers.

The poker that pinned Mrs Golding to the door is being held up by the INSPECTOR.

58 PULL BACK TO LONG SHOT

The members of the seance (DR PRITCHARD, MICHAEL PRITCHARD, DYSART and MR AND MRS WILSON) are already present.

#### INSPECTOR

One fact is abundantly clear, gentlemen, whoever impaled that unfortunate woman on this poker possessed immense physical strength. I would say superhuman. We only removed it by driving it back through the door with a ten pound hammer.

(going behind his  
desk, spreading out  
his reports)

58 Continued

INSPECTOR (Cont)

In going through your individual statements, however, I've found a few details that do not, shall we say, provide an adequately clear picture.

The INSPECTOR looks up at DYSART (who is dressed much more sportingly than the previous evening)

59 REACTION SHOT

DYSART is tense and very nervous. Sweat stands out on his forehead.

DYSART

(blustering)

Inspector. I have a number of urgent appointments in the Commons.

60 RESUME GROUP SHOT

INSPECTOR

Mr Dysart, I shall endeavour not to keep you away from parliament a moment more than is necessary.

(he turns to the others)

Now then Mr and Mrs Wilson, you were the first to leave Mrs Golding's house once the so-called chat with the spirit world was concluded.

MRS WILSON

That's correct, Inspector.

INSPECTOR

You came out of the house, got into your carriage and were driven away. Did you see anyone leave the house after you?

MR WILSON

No Inspector.

INSPECTOR

Are you absolutely certain?

60 . Continued

MR WILSON

My wife was upset, Inspector. I didn't notice much beyond that fact.

The INSPECTOR turns to the PRITCHARDS.

INSPECTOR

Then you left, Dr Pritchard with your son.

PRITCHARD

Correct. My son took our carriage to his club as I said in my statement. Then I sent a man who was loitering about down to the Strand to fetch me a cab. This took several minutes ... perhaps ten minutes. I was getting into that cab when we heard the scream.

61 CLOSE UP

INSPECTOR

(going through the papers)  
And when did you leave Mrs Goldings' house, Mr Dysart?

62 REACTION SHOT

DYSART

About two minutes after the Pritchards. The door was hardly closed. I told you all this earlier.

63 RESUME GROUP SHOT

INSPECTOR

Then Doctor Pritchard you saw Mr Dysart leave the house?

PRITCHARD

No, I did not.

INSPECTOR

But you were only standing across the street, Doctor. Perhaps Mr Pritchard you noticed Mr Dysart coming out behind you?

62 Continued

MICHAEL  
I'm afraid... Inspector.

DYSART  
(shaken)  
I hope you realize what you are suggesting  
Inspector.

INSPECTOR  
Then perhaps you can explain to me why you  
were not seen leaving the house by Dr. and  
Mr. Fritchard who were standing twenty  
feet away.

64 C. U.

DYSART  
(stopped by his own terror)  
I... Ugh...

65 PAN TO FRITCHARD

FRITCHARD  
Inspector, it occurs to me that if Mr. Dysart  
did leave the house two minutes after us  
it's possible my son and I did not see him for the  
simple reason that we were on the far side of our  
carriage.

66 C. U.

DYSART gives FRITCHARD a glance of amazement.

67 C. U. - INSPECTOR

INSPECTOR  
(pompous)  
Yes doctor that is a possibility that had  
already occurred to me.  
(doubtful)  
It is a "possible" explanation.

68 C. U. - DYSART. He is shaking.

DYSART  
Of course how stupid of me. I remember  
the carriage now. It had slipped my  
mind

69 ANOTHER ANGLE

INSPECTOR

(sternly)

Will you stand up please, Mr. Dysart?

70 DYSART rises to his feet expecting arrest. Handcuffs any moment.

INSPECTOR

Dr. Fritchard. You are the only witness I have. I would ask you, Sir, to observe Mr. Dysart with care. Could Mr. Dysart possibly be the man you saw leave Mrs. Golding after you heard the scream?

71 C. J. DR. FRITCHARD he looks at DYSART.

72 C. J. DYSART stares back in terror.

INSPECTOR (V.O.)

It was dark. Could you have been mistaken doctor? Think please before you answer.

73 C. J.

FRITCHARD

No, I don't think it was Mr. Dysart, Inspector. It was a much larger man.

74 C. J. DYSART - stares back with amazement.

74a. GROUP SHOT.

The INSPECTOR smiles...

INSPECTOR

It was a question I had to ask, sir.

FRITCHARD (lightly)

After all Inspector - it was a very vicious murder

74a. Continued

PRITCHARD

...and you'd hardly expect a Member of Parliament to be involved with that kind of thing.

74 CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD

(smiles)

Quite right, cabbie ...

75 CLOSE UP DYSART

He regards PRITCHARD with amazed relief. He has been saved.

PRITCHARD (O.S.)

I'm afraid Inspector the villain of this piece seems to have escaped you.

76 INT. LONDON RAILWAY STATION DAY

A few minutes after the arrival of the boat-train. PORTERS and PASSENGERS everywhere.

The bustle of the crowd gives an impression of great activity.

Signs should read: "Boat Train" ... "To Carriages" ... etc.

DOLLY through the bustle of people.

77 TWO SHOT

MICHAEL and MRS BRYANT (Pritchard's housekeeper) a woman of about 60, are searching the faces of the crowd anxiously.

MRS BRYANT

She got herself lost, Mr Michael. I knew it. Poor, poor girl.

MICHAEL

Mrs Bryant, I would be obliged if you did not use that expression. There is nothing poor about Laura.

(lighting up)

There she is exactly where she said she would be in her letter.

78 STAY CLOSE ON MICHAEL

As he runs through the crowd.

## 79 REVERSE ANGLE

LAURA, a very beautiful girl of 22 is waiting by her pile of trunks with a PORTER ... her back to MICHAEL. MICHAEL stops behind her. After savouring the moment he puts his hands on her arms.

## 80 TWO SHOT

MICHAEL

Laura?

LAURA turns about and into his arms. They embrace and kiss passionately.

LAURA

Oh Michael, my love, at last.

## 81 GROUP SHOT

MRS BRYANT catches up and looks disapprovingly at their kissing.

LAURA

It's been one year and four days. I think the four days were the longest.

MICHAEL

It will never happen again, Laura. I promise you, that.

MRS BRYANT

Welcome home Miss Laura.

She curtsies.

LAURA

Oh - Nanny Bryant! Now I know I really am home at last.

(takes her hand briefly)

MICHAEL

I'm afraid Father couldn't make it, Laura, due to what he calls pressure of business.

## 82 DOLLY SHOT

MICHAEL takes her arm closely and they start through the crowd to their horse and carriage. The PORTER comes behind with MRS BRYANT beside him.



82 Continued

LAURA

Oh, the poor doctor works too hard.

MICHAEL

Well, things have changed. Father's become a follower of this man Freud and now calls himself a psychologist. His latest passion is to expose all spiritualists as fakes.

LAURA

And a good passion it sounds.

MICHAEL

I've got a better one.  
(kisses her)

MRS BRYANT

Now, now. You're not married yet, you two.

MICHAEL

Nanny has strict orders to keep us in sight. You're to live with Father and I'm to stay at my club till we're safely wed.

83 EXT. RAILWAY STATION DAY

They move up to the carriage and the driver/gardener, PLEASANTS opens the door with cap in hand.

MICHAEL

The carriage, Laura.

PLEASANTS

Hello, Miss Laura, it's a pleasure to have you back.

LAURA

Why it's Pleasants. How nice to hear your voice.

PLEASANTS takes LAURA's arm.

84 CLOSE UP LAURA

LAURA

Thank you, Pleasants. But I remember my way.

It is only now as she gropes for the door and feels her way into the carriage that we see LAURA is blind.

85 RESUME GROUP SHOT

The others stand back and smile except MRS BRYANT whose face registers the usual sad eyed sympathy.

LAURA

And do please drive slowly home  
Pleasants, for I wish Michael to  
see all of London and relate to me  
all that is happening.

MICHAEL and MRS BRYANT follow her into the carriage and  
PLEASANTS closes the door.

CUT TO

86 INT. POLICE CELLS AND CORRIDOR DAY

PRITCHARD and the INSPECTOR are descending a flight of steps into the basement detention cells of the station. They talk as they are led along a dark corridor by a POLICE CONSTABLE.

INSPECTOR

We questioned her, Doctor, but she  
has no memory of the murder at all.

PRITCHARD

(this fascinates him)

None at all? A complete withdrawal  
... fascinating.

INSPECTOR

I'm not certain it wasn't too much for  
the girl's mind. Anyway, with Mrs  
Golding gone, who's going to look after  
her? We can't keep her down here in  
the cells any longer. I'm afraid it'll be  
the streets for her, like so many others.

86 Continued

The CONSTABLE stops in front of an iron door and takes out his keys to unlock it with a sigh of apprehension.

PRITCHARD

Well . . . perhaps I can arrange something. My son is leaving home shortly to marry. We'll see.

INSPECTOR

(nods for the Constable  
to push open the door)

Doctor, there aren't words to express how grateful she'd be.

The door opens. Immediately the air is filled with the shrill screaming of the half dozen whores and cut-throats in the cell:

"Close the door you bastard, you're making a draught."

"It's all that he could make"

"Come on in dearie and see how Royalty lives"

"Come on loves, only half a crown" . . . etc.

87 THE CELL

It is very small with a high barred window and straw on the floor. The six young whores are crowded by the door all jeering and shouting. One of them flings up her skirts to show her dirty underwear.

"Want a little show for the Toff, Inspector?"

88 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD turns his eyes away in disgust.

INSPECTOR

Fetch her out of there, Constable.

89 RESUME GROUP SHOT (CELL)

The CONSTABLE pushes his way in past the whores.

"Oh you've come for little Miss Moffet, have you? Like 'em young do you?"

89 Continued

CONSTABLE

Get back you sluts, or I'll crack  
your skulls.

The CONSTABLE finds ANNA huddled against the far wall. We do not see her because of the whores.

CONSTABLE

The dirty bitches have take her clothes,  
Inspector.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD takes off his cape and strides into the cell past the whores. His sternness quiets them. He passes the cape to the CONSTABLE who lifts up ANNA and puts it about her. (The whores have left her a torn muslin shift, she is filthy and dishevelled and shivering)

1ST WHORE

If you'd given us a fire, we wouldn't  
have needed to would we? It's  
freezing down here.

2ND WHORE

Well, aren't you going to say goodbye  
to your friends then. you rotten  
baggage. That's a nice piece of goods.

As PRITCHARD and the CONSTABLE start to lead ANNA out of the cell, the whores snatch at her and the cape. The CONSTABLE pulls his truncheon and turns on them beating them back as PRITCHARD, his arm round ANNA, leads her, terrified from the cell.

91 INT. CARRIAGE DAY

ANNA sits huddled in the back of the closed cab wrapped in the cape sobbing and confused. PRITCHARD sits opposite studying her with great concentration.

PRITCHARD

Do you remember me, Anna?

91 Continued

ANNA

Yes, Sir . . . . I remember you.

PRITCHARD

Do you know where we're going?

ANNA

No, Sir.

PRITCHARD

We're going to my home. I'm going to look after you from now on Anna. Would you like that?

92 CLOSE UP

She gives him a comically suspicious glance.

93 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD chuckles and reaches over to take her hand.

PRITCHARD

Anna, you're safe now. There'll be no more seances with you playing the ghost. Nor gentlemen to call on you in the middle of the night. You're going to have quite a different life.

ANNA

(brightening up)

Will I work in the kitchen, Sir?

PRITCHARD

No . . . no Anna. I have a perfectly fine cook-housekeeper and maid. What you will be expected to do, my dear is become a lady.

94 CLOSE UP

ANNA  
(astounded)

A lady?

95 REVERSE ANGLE

PRITCHARD

A lady. You shall learn how to wear  
pretty clothes. How to pour tea and  
make the most ridiculous conversation  
in London.

96 CLOSE UP

ANNA gives him a hopeful look that is on the way to a smile.  
The carriage stops.

PRITCHARD

And here we are ... We're home.

97 EXT. PRITCHARD'S HOUSE DAY (LOT)

The carriage pulls up and PRITCHARD alights and helps ANNA  
down.

PRITCHARD

Now, my dear. This is where I live.  
Do you approve?

ANNA

(aghast)

Oh yes sir. It's beautiful.

CUT TO

98 INT. UPPER HALLWAY OF PRITCHARD'S HOUSE DAY

PRITCHARD with ANNA followed by a large breasted country  
style maid named DOLLY are coming to the upper landing. DOLLY  
opens the door to a bedroom and they enter.

PRITCHARD

And this will be your room, Anna.

## 99 INT. ANNA'S ROOM. DAY

It is a large room very tastefully decorated in the Victorian manner - with a fire place and brass tongs and poker - a large bed and a table and chairs. Also a prominent dressing table and a pier glass on a separate stand.

FITCHARD

This was my late wife's room. But from now on it will be known as Anna's room.

## 100 C.U. ANNA

ANNA walks about touching things looking totally awed...

FITCHARD (C.S.)

Dolly, I want you to help Miss Anna in any way you can. Well Anna, are you pleased?

## 101 RESUME GROUP SHOT

ANNA turns to say yes but bursts into tears and turns to fling her arms about FITCHARD in gratitude.

FITCHARD

Well I take it from that you are. Dolly, I think the first thing we'd better do is get Miss Anna bathed and dressed.

DOLLY

I'll get the bath ready right away, Sir.

FITCHARD

Miss Anna may choose whatever she likes from my wife's wardrobe for dinner this evening.

DOLLY

Oh yes sir. There's the blue dress. Miss Anna will look lovely in that.

101 Continued

PRITCHARD

(disapproving)

Ah ... Really? Don't hesitate to ask  
Dolly for anything you need Anna. She  
seems to know where everything is.

DOLLY

Don't worry Sir. You'll never recognise  
her Sir.

102 UPPER HALLWAY

PRITCHARD leaves the room. As he closes the door the voices of  
MICHAEL and LAURA and PLEASANTS comes up from the hall  
below. PRITCHARD's face goes hard and unhappy at the sound.

103 INT. FRONT HALLWAY PRITCHARD'S HOUSE DAY

MICHAEL and PLEASANTS are back by the door and LAURA is  
coming down the Hall. She knows the house from her years of  
sight and is playing a game at remembering where everything is.

LAURA

(advancing confidently  
and touching things as  
she names them)

Here, three paces further is the umbrella  
stand. That horrible elephants foot ...  
just as I remember it ... four paces  
now - the mirror

(looking into it)

which no longer holds any interest for  
me at all ... two paces and the table -  
the chair ... and the Chinese vase, all  
as before.

As she approaches the bottom of the stairs playing this game,  
DR PRITCHARD has descended the stairs slowly and is standing  
on the bottom step. LAURA's last few steps take her to him.

LAURA reaches out looking for the stair post and touches  
PRITCHARD.

LAURA

And. Oh! Michael?

(feeling Pritchard's  
waist)

You've moved.



103a. C. U. PRITCHARD - mixed feelings as he looks at  
LAURA.

PRITCHARD

I'm afraid you've got the wrong man, Laura.

103b. C. U.

LAURA

(suddenly serious)

Oh, Doctor Pritchard. I am sorry,  
forgive me.

103c. C. U. MICHAEL reacting.

103d.

PRITCHARD

(cold, taking her hand)

How are you Laura. I hope you had a  
pleasant voyage.

PLEASANTS trundles by carrying LAURA's trunk.

PRITCHARD

In the far guest room, Pleasants.

Reaction Shot - MICHAEL

MICHAEL

The guest room! Isn't Laura having  
Mother's old room?

PRITCHARD

I am afraid not. We already have a guest  
in there, Michael.

MICHAEL

(furious)

May I ask what guest we have Father?  
That I didn't hear of until now.

LAURA

Michael really. I can learn a room in  
10 minutes. It's no bother and I'm only  
here for a few days.

104 TWO SHOT - PRITCHARD AND MICHAEL

PRITCHARD

I'm sorry my boy. But I found they were keeping that orphaned child of Mrs. Golding's in the cells. I have asked her to come and live with us.

MICHAEL

(still unconvinced)  
You brought her here?

PRITCHARD turns and after calling "ANNA" softly up the stairs goes part of the way up himself. PLEASANTS has reached the landing with the trunk. The door to ANNA's room is at the top of the landing and the door is partly open.

PRITCHARD

Anna?

ANNA comes to the door shyly.

PRITCHARD

Anna, could you come down for a moment, my dear?

PRITCHARD escorts her silently down the stairs as the others stare. She seems very young and vulnerable and doll like.

REACTION SHOTS.

PRITCHARD

You remember my son Michael, Anna?

MICHAEL comes forward and takes her hand. He is moved by the bare feet and the pathetic condition of ANNA.

ANNA

How do you do, Sir.

MICHAEL

Welcome home, Anna.  
(smiles)

104 Continued

ANNA  
(on the verge of tears)  
Thank you, sir.

MICHAEL  
This is my fiance, Laura.

ANNA AND LAURA

ANNA  
Miss Laura.

LAURA  
Hello, Anna.

ANNA holds out a hand. Laura doesn't see it. ANNA is puzzled.

PRITCHARD  
Laura is blind, my dear.

ANNA stares at her with pity and shock.

LAURA  
(laughs)  
It's alright. It's only a nuisance. I  
see with my hands.

LAURA reaches out for ANNA, and ANNA takes her hand.  
LAURA passes her hand over ANNA's face... as if to get to  
know her.

Various reactions to this scene.

DOLLY comes downstairs breaking tension of scene.

WIDER SHOT

PRITCHARD looks up to DOLLY.

PRITCHARD  
Take Miss Anna to have her bath, Dolly.

104 Continued

FRITCHARD

(to MICHAEL)

And I'd better get to work... see you at dinner later Laura.

(to MICHAEL)

Call Mrs. Bryant and have her take Laura to her room.

DOLLY AND ANNA go up stairs.

FRITCHARD goes to his study.

105 MICHAEL AND LAURA are left alone. MICHAEL looks after FRITCHARD, then puts his arm round LAURA.

LAURA

What a kind man he is.

MICHAEL

(puzzled)

Yes...yes...he is.

106 INT. FRITCHARD'S STUDY. DAY.

FRITCHARD comes in and closes and locks the door behind him.

He turns and sees MR. DYBART seated on a chair by his desk waiting. FRITCHARD crosses the room and draws the drapes over the French windows. He sits down behind his desk, lights the lamp and finally gives the, by now, very anxious DYBART a faint smile ("as warm as the glow of wintery sun on the brass handles of a coffin").

FRITCHARD

I've been expecting you.

DYBART

Doctor Fritchard, I have no idea why you saw fit to rescue me from what could have been a great embarrassment but I am much obliged to you sir. It was a misunderstanding but it could well have ruined my parliamentary career.

100 Continued

FRITCHARD

Yes, especially being hung Mr. Dysart, that would have ruined your neck as well.

DYSART

Not meaning to slight your contribution but I hardly imagine it would have gone that far, Doctor.

FRITCHARD

(smiling)  
Really?

DYSART

(protesting)  
Well, I didn't kill the wretched woman. Surely you don't think a respectable Member of Parliament like myself goes about the streets murdering people. I mean if you even suspected I was guilty why did you lie to save me?

107 C. U. FRITCHARD

FRITCHARD

Mr. Dysart, either you or Anna killed Mrs. Golding. That is a fact. My knowledge of the symptoms of certain mental disease leads me to suspect one of you more than the other. But I could be wrong, Mr. Dysart.

108 TWO SHOT

DYSART

Doctor I saw it. She was possessed. Her whole body was contorted. The hands... they weren't her hands at all.

FRITCHARD

Really? Whose were they?

108 Continued

DYSART

How do I know. She was possessed, if she wasn't how did she manage, a frail girl, to drive the poker through the flesh and bone of a human body, plus an inch and a half of oak door? Answer me that.

PRITCHARD

The hysteria accompanying certain mental disorders produces such strength. That's one explanation.

DYSART

The other being that I did it?

PRITCHARD

A possibility.

DYSART

Really, Oh come now. If you seriously thought I committed a crime that brutal we'd hardly be sitting about your home calmly discussing it.

PRITCHARD

(suddenly)

I've adopted Anna and she is upstairs at this moment.

110 REACTION SHOT - DYSART

He is astounded by this news.

DYSART

Dammit Pritchard, you've got a possessed being in your home - as savage as any jungle beast.

111 DELETED

112 CLOSE ON PRITCHARD

He rises, paces the floor excited by his convictions.

PRITCHARD

Listen to me Dysart. For millions of years,

112 Continued

FRITCHARD

... men have been murdering one another, and every time it happens, we chase the man who did the murder and when we catch him we use something known as the Law to murder him in return. We string him up or we burn him alive, or we torture him. Never once in all these years have we even once tried to find out why, WHY a person murders another human being. So we go on having murders and murdering in revenge and no one but the grave yard worms are any the richer.

113 C. J. DYSART

DYSART

(surprised by his passion)  
But she was possessed I tell you!

114 TWO SHOT

FRITCHARD sits down and smiles sardonically.

FRITCHARD

Utter nonsense! The girl is suffering from a disease of the mind - a sort of split personality known as Schizophrenia, brought on by some traumatic experience of her youth. Or maybe it was congenital. This man Freud has been using a new science called Psychoanalysis to explore the mind - to find out which and why. And this is the technique I plan to use on Anna - but I need your help. I want you to use your official position to find out everything about her past. Family where she lived - everything. Any detail could be a vital clue in understanding her present condition.

115 REVERSE ANGLE

DYSART

AND what if it happens again and  
she murders somebody else?

PRITCHARD

A chance we have to take. To understand  
the psychology of murder would be worth  
a dozen lives in my opinion.

DYSART

(horrified)  
And if I refuse?

PRITCHARD

Why I might well remember, Mr. Dysart  
who it was I saw leaving the building after  
the murder. With more accuracy this time.

116 C. U. PRITCHARD

He goes to French doors.

PRITCHARD

You'd better go the way you arrived,  
Dysart.

117 ANOTHER ANGLE

DYSART knows he's hooked and departs. When DYSART  
is gone, PRITCHARD goes to his desk which he unlocks.  
He takes out a jewel box and unlocks it. Inside are  
various pieces of costume jewelry. He selects a  
necklace, pockets it and closing the box and the desk,  
leaves the room.



118 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. EVENING.  
(SOMETIME LATER - SAME EVENING).

ANNA is in the sit-bath being scrubbed by DOLLY (who is obviously enjoying her work). DOLLY is a very large girl, ANNA in contrast seems like a small naked pink doll.

DOLLY

(scrubbing away)

One thing you'll have to learn around here is to affect what Doctor Pritchard calls a happy countenance, which means he likes to see people with a smile on their faces, he does. Although I wouldn't say he was a great one himself for smiles or giggles, if you know what I mean. Not like us...

ANNA

I wasn't crying because I was sad, Dolly, it was because I was happy. It's such a beautiful room.

DOLLY

I know you were Miss Anna.

119 ANOTHER ANGLE

There is a quick knock at the door and DR. PRITCHARD enters. ANNA turns away in alarm. PRITCHARD is in evening dress.

DOLLY

Oh!... Oh it's alright Miss Anna. It's Doctor Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

(standing so as to be only partially visible to ANNA)

It's alright Anna, at my age, one tends to treat modesty as an affectation of the ugly.

119 Continued

ANNA stops shielding herself and tries to look relaxed.

DOLLY comes over to the Doctor. A dress is on the bed which she holds up.

DOLLY

(excited)

It'll fit Miss Anna a treat sir!

120 C. U. PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD tries not to look at ANNA but finds he can't keep his eyes from her.

STAY ON his reaction, with an intercut of ANNA washing herself, her back to him.

121 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD

(taking out the necklace)

See how this goes with the dress.

DOLLY

Oh, sir, it's lovely!

PRITCHARD

(turns to ANNA)

We'll be at the Restaurant within the hour, Anna, my dear. As soon as we can pull ourselves free of this wretched crowd at the Embassy. I have left you the carriage and Pleasants will see you to the door.

(quietly to DOLLY)

Don't let her out of your sight until she's in the carriage, Dolly. It's been a disturbing day for her. She needs company. Alright?

121 Continued

PRITCHARD leaves the room looking thoughtful.

DOLLY

No, Sir, I won't.

(turns back to ANNA)

Oh, Miss Anna, you're going to look  
like a proper princess tonight... you just  
wait and see.

## 122 INT. RESTAURANT NIGHT

An opulent Victorian restaurant with pillars and mirrors and a dance floor and a small orchestra.

LAURA and MICHAEL holding one another closely both lost in their happiness, are dancing a waltz. The CAMERA whirls with them so they remain motionless as the room and its crystal mirrors swing past in a tumbling jewelled blur (similar effect to the fleur de lys).

## 123 ANOTHER ANGLE

As the music ends and MICHAEL takes LAURA's arm and guides her through the corridor of tables and flaming trolleys to their table in the corner. LAURA always walks head up and confidently and does not appear to be blind.

LAURA

Darling, I'm sure your holding me like  
that is ruining both our reputations but  
I could do that all night.

MICHAEL

Then we shall.

LAURA

As soon as we're married, please.  
Anyway, there's no music ... your  
Father's waiting ... and any more and  
I shall faint with joy.

MICHAEL

Oh bother Father.

## 124 P. O. V. SHOT OF PRITCHARD

DOCTOR PRITCHARD is seated at the table watching LAURA and MICHAEL approach with a sardonic expression.

## 125 P. O. V. SHOT OF LAURA AND MICHAEL

LAURA and MICHAEL approaching through the closely packed tables. The place is full of waiters and bus boys. About half way along in the passage is a serving trolley at which a head waiter is cooking crepe suzettes. He is just pouring in the brandy with a flourish as LAURA, guided by MICHAEL (who walks behind her) starts past. LAURA's shoulder touches the waiters arm. He misses with the brandy and there is a great puff of flame as it slops onto the burner.

125 Continued

The waiter steps back quickly to avoid the flames and bumps into LAURA knocking her across the aisle onto an occupied table where she ends up sprawled across a gentleman's soup plate.

126 CLOSE UP LAURA

The confused LAURA sprawled across the table. The affronted diners rise as the food is sprayed about. LAURA puts out her hands for something solid and upsets more, fruit bowl etc.

LAURA

(no panic)

Oh Goodness me!

MICHAEL

It's alright, Laura.

127 ANOTHER ANGLE

Waiters appear from everywhere and a stout Cloak Room ATTENDANT wades in to help her. There are ad libbed "pardons", "terribly sorry's" etc as MICHAEL gets LAURA back on to her feet.

128 CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

DR PRITCHARD is standing watching the performance with a sad expression.

129 P. O. V. SHOT OF LAURA AND GROUP

THE CLOAK ROOM ATTENDANT has LAURA's arm (who is smiling now) and is guiding her to the Ladies for repairs and a clean up. The WAITERS are clearing the spoiled table and getting the shaken diners reseated as MICHAEL is making his apologies. No one is taking it seriously except PRITCHARD. MICHAEL approaches his father, sits down beside him and smiles.

130 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND PRITCHARD

MICHAEL

My fault really, I was looking at Laura and not thinking where we were going.

PRITCHARD

That's been obvious for sometime.

MICHAEL

(losing his smile)

Father... I love Laura, that's all there is to it.

PRITCHARD

You'll spend the rest of your life being her nurse-maid, my boy. Laura is not the same girl you became engaged to two years ago. Her blindness has put her in a different world.

MICHAEL

It might well have happened to me - but as it was it was Laura's horse that threw her. I feel it was an accident that happened to both of us.

PRITCHARD

Very noble but foolish sentiments.

MICHAEL

Father, it was Laura herself who insisted on this year of separation, so that both of us could be sure. Nothing has changed.

PRITCHARD

You are the one who is blind. It's no longer love - only pity you feel.

MICHAEL

(with helpless fury)

Why don't you forbid us to marry then, Father.

131 C. U. PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD

Because you would only defy me, my boy. But believe me if I knew of a way I could prevent you wasting your life on that girl, I would embrace it with all my heart.

132 C. U. MICHAEL

He looks at his father with helpless anger.

SCENES 133-135 DELETED.

135a. INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

ANNA is being helped into her dress and DOLLY is doing up the umpteen hooks and eyes down the back of it and adjusting it, as ANNA watches in the mirror.

DOLLY

Some might say he's a strange man,  
Doctor Fritchard. Keeping his wife's  
room like this all these years. Downright  
morbid some would say, but I don't think  
it's that at all. I think he just kept it  
'cos he's so lonely. Every once in a  
while he just likes to come in here and have a  
little remember of the way - hold still, dear -  
things was when he was happy. Nothing  
spooky about that. Oh, that's a tight fit.  
Goodness look at the time'

## 135 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

ANNA is now wearing a thin muslin shift and admiring the dress DOLLY has been fitting which is draped over a dummy.

The bathtub is still full with water. DOLLY enters with the jewels: the necklace and the fatal Fleur de lys.

DOLLY

Now don't look Miss Anna. Not yet  
(hiding the jewels)  
wait till we get your dress on then you  
can see what I've got for you.

## 136 INT. RESTAURANT NIGHT

PRITCHARD and MICHAEL are at their table and on their feet as LAURA is brought back by the cloak room ATTENDANT. MICHAEL resists helping her. The ATTENDANT guides her to her chair nervously and the waiter slides it under her.

CLOAK ROOM ATTENDANT

(as they approach)

There, it's just a bit to the right,  
Ma'am. Not so far ... That's it.  
Careful Henry ... the lady's blind.

MICHAEL

(to the attendant  
tipping him)

Thank you very much.

## 137 ANOTHER ANGLE

The ATTENDANT and WAITERS leave. PRITCHARD remains standing. He looks at his watch.

LAURA

Thank you.

(with a smile)

There's a rumour going around out there  
that some large elbowed lady just attempted  
to burn this restaurant down.

MICHAEL grins but PRITCHARD remains standing.



137 Continued

PRITCHARD

I'll leave you now. I'm worried about Anna. She should have arrived by now.

MICHAEL

Very well, Father. We shan't be late.

PRITCHARD

Laura, Mrs. Bryant will see you into your room, and look after your needs when you return.

LAURA

Thank you Doctor Pritchard.

138 TWO SHOT. LAURA AND MICHAEL.

LAURA

I'm sorry Michael. I seem to have spoiled the evening for your father.

MICHAEL

But not for me darling.

He takes hold of her hand. reassuringly.

139 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

ANNA stands before the mirror in the dress looking beautiful.

ANNA

Oh, Dolly it's so beautiful, I'm afraid to move for fear I'll wake up.

DOLLY

(slaps her backside)

You're not asleep Miss Anna. Here, take a look at the back.

DOLLY gives her a hand mirror, it is of a very classic design with a silver handle. The mirror glass itself has no surrounding frame but is only supported by the handle.

139 Continued

ANNA

Dolly do you have to call me 'Miss'?  
I would like very much to be friends  
with you.

As she speaks, DOLLY gets the jewellery from the bed.

DOLLY

No, Miss that would never do. Can't  
have the likes of me talking to a real  
lady on such familiar terms.

ANNA

But I'M not a real lady, yet. I doubt if  
I ever will be.

DOLLY

Wait till you see yourself in this before  
you make up your mind. Take your pick.  
The necklace ... ?

140 CLOSE SHOT

DOLLY holds out the necklace and then the Fleur de lys.

DOLLY

Or the brooch. They'll both look a treat  
with that dress.

MOVE IN to a close shot with accompanying effects of the scream  
theme from opening and the blurred sparkle lighting on the fleur de  
lys.

\* 141 CLOSE UP ANNA

Her eyes light up at the sight of the fleur de lys and she stares at it.  
Her face seeming to grow darker and more beautiful. A subtle  
look of gleeful devilishness comes into her normally open eyed  
innocent face.

\* 142 TWO SHOT

ANNA slowly reaches for the Fleur de Lys and takes it in her hand.  
The mirror still held in her other hand.

DOLLY laughs at the effect the brooch has on ANNA.

142 Continued

DOLLY

Oh, you do like it, don't you?

(adjusting ANNA's dress at the shoulder)  
I knew you would... Oh, Miss Anna, you look  
just like a little doll all dressed up to meet  
the Queen. I'll kiss you now then, before  
you become a lady.

DOLLY on a burst of exuberance bends over and kisses  
ANNA on the cheek. We see a large expanse of bosom.

142a. C. U. - ANNA's eyes.

In FLASHBACK they become the eyes of the young ANNA  
witnessing the murder of her mother. The sounds of her  
mother's scream blended with the shouts of the mob. (The  
Ripper's theme) bursts out onto the stillness of the track and  
super-imposed over this scene subliminally is a short few  
frames of the murder of ANNA's mother as we see it under the  
titles. This FLASHBACK occurs before each episode of  
homicidal violence that is triggered off in ANNA in each case  
by the victim kissing her.

143 ANOTHER ANGLE

ANNA's hand holding the mirror at her side moves back in  
SLOW MOTION and strikes the pier glass mirror behind her and  
shatters it and itself. This must leave the hand mirror shattered  
so as to retain a sharp spear of mirror glass jutting from the  
huge silver handle. It has become a dagger.

144 CLOSE SHOT.

As the hand holding the shattered hand mirror whips up past  
the CAMERA there is the definite impression of it being  
held now in a large hairy fist.

145 TWO SHOT

From behind ANNA and past her head in foreground to DOLLY  
who is looking into ANNA's face and CAMERA with a slowly

## 145 Continued

dawning horror... her mouth opens to scream. Her head thrown back.

As ANNA's arm completes it's swinging arc with the broken mirror, the jagged blade of it scythes through DOLLY's throat severing her jugular vein and wind pipe so that her scream emerges behind the sounds of breaking glass as a strangled gargle of blood.

## 146 ANOTHER ANGLE

As DOLLY stumbles back towards the bath.

(N.B. we do not see ANNA because she is too close in F.C. - only the momentary glimpse of her hand on the mirror suggests that she has become the Ripper.

## 146a. C.L. of Hand on mirror.

## 146b. ANNA steps forward and rips her up the front with the blade... DOLLY stares into the CAMERA over ANNA's shoulder gasping for air but drowning in her own blood.

## 147 HIGHER ANGLE

DOLLY slowly slides down in the bath... and ANNA moves back. The bath turns red and slops out onto the carpet of towels that she has laid about the tub. The silver handle of the mirror protrudes from her neck.

## 148 EXT. PRITCHARD'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

PRITCHARD is paying off the hansom cab driver who pulls away at once.

## 148 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD drawing thoughtfully on his cheeroot walks past his own carriage parked in front of the house with PLEASANTS asleep in the box. He looks at his watch and

149 Continued

then taps PLEASANTS to wake him.

PLEASANTS

(waking)  
What?...Sir?

PRITCHARD

Go along to the Restaurant, Pleasants  
and let Michael and Laura know you've  
come for them. I'll pick up a cab if  
need be.

PLEASANTS

Right you are sir.

150 INT. LOWER HALLWAY. NIGHT.

PRITCHARD lets himself in soundlessly and goes to peer  
up the stairs.

151 REACTION SHOT. PRITCHARD.

What he sees causes his eyes to widen in alarm.

152 P.C.V. SHOT OF ANNA.

ANNA is slowly descending the stairs. Her dress and  
hands are covered in blood. She is still in her trance-like  
state.

153 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD climbs the stairs. ANNA does not  
appear to see him. He steps behind her and takes her  
closed fist (which clutches the necklace) in his hand.

PRITCHARD

Give it to me, Anna. I'll keep it for you.

He takes the necklace.

153 Continued

PRITCHARD sees the open door to the bedroom.

PRITCHARD

(softly)  
Dolly?

154 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

PRITCHARD comes in through the open door. Except for the broken mirror all appears normal. He goes to the pier glass and turns it about to face the wall. This puts PRITCHARD into a position where he can see the bath tub and when he turns about, he sees DOLLY's body.

154a. P.O.V. SHOT OF DOLLY

DOLLY is sitting in the bath staring at him, her throat cut, the mirror handle protruding from her neck; the bath water is now blood red.

154b. REACTION SHOT:

PRITCHARD, shocked, leaves the room.

154c. INT. UPPER HALLWAY.

PRITCHARD takes ANNA's arm and guides her down the stairs.

155 INT. LOWER HALLWAY.

RESUME TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD snatches a cape from a rack, drapes it about her shoulders and guides ANNA into the study.

156 INT. STUDY NIGHT.

PRITCHARD comes in with ANNA and locks the door. He seats her on the couch and goes to his medical chest and prepares a hypo.

157 C.U. ANNA

ANNA watches him, an expression of confusion slowly spreading over her face as she emerges from her trance.

158 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD comes to her with the syringe.

PRITCHARD

(injecting her)

This won't hurt my dear.

ANNA

Why am I here? ... Must go to the restaurant.

PRITCHARD

It's alright. It's very late, you've had a long day. I've decided it's best you go to bed now. You're becoming very tired.

ANNA

Yes, I am very tired. What have I done?

PRITCHARD

Nothing my dear. You dozed off and you had a bad dream.

ANNA's eyes are closed.

PRITCHARD reaches under the side of the couch, pulls out padded handcuffs and snaps them onto her wrists.

PRITCHARD

That's it, my dear. Sleep now.

158 Continued

As ANNA dozes off PRITCHARD quickly crosses to a chest in the corner of the room, opens it and pulls out a large canvas sea bag, a rubber operating apron and a large surgical saw. Rolling it all up in the bag, he leaves the room.

159 INT. HALLWAY

PRITCHARD locks the study door. He bounds up the stairs with his bundle and enters ANNA's room.

160 INT. ANNA'S ROOM.

PRITCHARD goes over to the tub and puts down his bundle of bag, apron and saw... he is calmly deciding the best method of attack when a sound startles him...

DELETE 131

162 REACTION SHOT. PRITCHARD.

Turns to the door as we hear the approach of MRS. BRYANT.

MRS. BRYANT (O.S.)

Oh, Doctor Pritchard, you've come back and found me asleep. I feel so ashamed of myself.

163 PAN TO DOOR.

MRS. BRYANT is just coming in the door. From her view point she cannot see behind the bath-tub.



164 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD quickly comes forward to keep her from seeing DOLLY and starts bustling towards the door. He sees a scarf of Anna's lying on the bed - one that Dolly tried fitting to Anna's dress and discarded during the previous transformation scene.

PRITCHARD

Ah, this is what I was looking for. Mrs Bryant it's alright, Laura won't be back for hours yet and she's quite capable of putting herself to bed. It's much more important you have your sleep, considering the busy time ahead of us tomorrow.

MRS BRYANT

Oh yes, the wedding rehearsal. That Dolly promised to wake me when you came in, Sir. Where has the girl gone?

165 INT. UPPER HALLWAY NIGHT

PRITCHARD eases her towards the stairs.

PRITCHARD

I'm afraid we've lost our Dolly Mrs Bryant. A man came to the door just as Anna and I were about to leave with a message from Dolly's mother.

MRS BRYANT

Really? I never knew she had one. I mean I never heard her speak of her mother.

166 INT. STAIRWAY NIGHT

They start down side by side.

PRITCHARD

Apparently her mother is gravely ill. Of course there was nothing I could do but send Dolly off at once in a cab to give what help she could. She was terribly upset, poor girl.

156 Continued

MRS. BRYANT

(disapproving)

Well that kind of girl does come and go.

All young girls today lack character.

(She is including ANNA)

It's a plain fact. Can I get you anything now, Doctor?

167 INT. UPPER HALLWAY. NIGHT

PRITCHARD

No thank you Mrs. Bryant.

I've just come back to get a scarf for Miss Anna, and then we'll be off. I'll be here when Laura returns so there's no need for you to stay up.

MRS. BRYANT

Well Doctor, if you're certain I won't be needed for a time I think I will just take a little rest.

PRITCHARD

I'll call if I need you.

MRS. BRYANT goes down the hall and below the stairs to her room.

As soon as she is out of sight PRITCHARD looks up towards ANNA's room.

168 DELETED

169 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. DAY.

LOW ANGLE SHOT just over the rim of the sit bath as though this shot follows the last and we are to see the cutting up of DOLLY. It is very dark in the room - then suddenly very bright as MRS. BRYANT pulls back the curtains and the room is flooded with sunlight.

169 Continued

The bath is empty. The body gone. And it is the next morning.

MRS. BRYANT

(strictly)

Come now Miss Anna it's way past noon. If you don't get up right away it will be too late to bother getting up at all. Why this is disgraceful - can't spend the whole day in bed.

170 ANOTHER ANGLE

ANNA is asleep in bed. The door is open and MRS. BRYANT is bustling about straightening things. As she steps closer to the sleeping ANNA, DR. FRITCHARD appears at the door.

MRS. BRYANT

Come along get up...

FRITCHARD

(softly)

Mrs. Bryant?

MRS. BRYANT goes to the door.

FRITCHARD

Let her sleep please. I gave her a sedative last night. She needs rest.

MRS. BRYANT

Yes... they don't seem to have the energy we did when we were young, Doctor. Ever catch me stopping in bed that long it's time to call the undertakers.

170 Continued

PRITCHARD

Now I have an appointment. While  
I'm out I want you to keep an eye on her...  
I don't want her to leave the house today.  
Do you understand?

171 REACTION SHOT. MRS. BRYANT finds this curious.

MRS. BRYANT

Is she not well, Doctor? It isn't anything  
contagious is it?

172 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD

No, Mrs. Bryant. It's simply that  
she needs rest and care, that's all.

He starts away, leaving MRS. BRYANT peering after him  
uneasily.

MRS. BRYANT

Whatever you say Doctor.

SCENE 173 DELETED

174 EXT. BARRACKS. DAY

DYSART is pacing up and down nervously. A carriage  
stops and PRITCHARD gets out. DYSART walks quickly over to  
him.

DYSART

Thank goodness you've come.

PRITCHARD

(calmly)

Well, your message suggested, as well  
as a certain hysteria, that you had success  
last evening.

174 Continued

DYSART

Doctor, I quite understand, being a scientist, you will find nothing I say about the subject of possession to be believable.

PRITCHARD

So you've found someone else to say it for you.

175. C. U. DYSART IS WINDED

DYSART

As you know, our dear Queen Victoria herself... believes...

176 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD

(weary)

Really Dysart the beliefs of that dear lady are not of the slightest interest to me. What information have you found about Anna's past?

DYSART

Nothing whatsoever. I've checked the newspapers, police files and all available records, without success. However, I have contacted a certain personage...

(pauses for effect)

The Royal Medium - Madame Eullard.

PRITCHARD

(angry)

Please Dysart, not a seance.

177. C. U. DYSART

DYSART

Madame Eullard has kindly consented to give you and the girl an interview tomorrow at noon. I would advise you to be there. You simply have no idea what you're dealing with, Pritchard.

177 Continued

PRITCHARD

I know well what I'm dealing with.

DYBART

Pritchard unless you keep the appointment with Madame Bullard tomorrow, I am going to the police. That's my final word.

178 REACTION SHOT - PRITCHARD

179 INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM. DAY.

LAURA and ANNA are being fitted into their wedding and bridesmaid dresses with the help of MRS. BRYANT and a professional seamstress (who because of a mouthful of pins has not one word to say).

LAURA in her wedding dress is standing in front of a new mirror as the SEAMSTRESS fusses with the hem, and MRS. BRYANT plays with the veil.

180 CLOSE UP ANNA

She is to one side watching, looking very beautiful in her bridesmaid's dress. (To contrast with DYSART's last warning)

181 ANOTHER ANGLE

LAURA

(blowing her veil out)

(puff)

Is any man really worth all this?

MRS BRYANT

Miss Laura be still!

ANNA

Oh yes, he is!

LAURA

(mock suspicion)

Ah, ha! So I've got competition have I Anna. Confess you love him too.

ANNA

Oh, no. I mean I do but . . . I only meant he's awfully pretty.

LAURA

Anna. Men are never pretty.

ANNA

I think Michael is.

182 TWO SHOT

LAURA

Well don't tell him, please. If you must tell him something, tell him he's just passable in the dark with the light behind him. Ouch!

The Seamstress stabs her foot.

ANNA

(laughing)

Why?

183      CLOSE UP      LAURA

LAURA

Because dear Anna, I have to live  
with him and men are egotistical  
enough already without having it  
added to by our own contributions.  
You'll learn when it comes to  
marrying one of the brutes yourself.

184      CLOSE UP      ANNA

ANNA

Do you think I'll ever get married,  
Laura?

LAURA

(teasing)

Never, you're much too ugly.

MRS BRYANT

Hold still, Miss Laura.

ANNA

(laughing)

I am not. Anyway how do you know?  
(gasps and is suddenly  
sorry for saying it)

185      GROUP SHOT

LAURA laughs and turns about and accurately seizes ANNA holding  
her with one hand and mussing her hair with the other as MRS  
BRYANT and the SEAMSTRESS go mad.

LAURA

Because, by your voice alone - I can  
tell you're as bald as my Uncle Henry,  
and nobody ever married him.

ANNA laughs and the two fall back into the bed giggling and wrestling.

MRS BRYANT

Girls! Girls, stop it! You're ruining  
the dress. Stop it!



- 186 C. U. Kneeling SEAMSTRESS spitting out pins in rage.
- 187 GIRLS on the bed laughing. ANNA is lying on her back and the sunlight through the window is sparkling onto her face. Her giggles stop and her face becomes vacant as she looks at the sunlight through the window.
- 188 MRS. BRYANT watches ANNA's change of mood and is puzzled. She walks over to the bed and pulls ANNA away from LAURA.

MRS. BRYANT

That's enough. You'll tire Miss Laura out and get your dress ruined. Go to your room and take it off.

LAURA

(unaware of the tension)

Oh, Mrs. Bryant...

ANNA rises from the bed looking bewildered - not quite sure what has happened and leaves the room.

- 189 MRS. BRYANT - looks after her with some unease.

- 190 EXT. CHURCHYARD. DAY. LOC.

TRACK START.

PRITCHARD AND MICHAEL come out of the church replacing their hats and gloves, and walk down through the grave yard to their carriage on the street.

PRITCHARD

What a long and drawn out process it is to become that most common of human beings - a married man. I wonder why.

MICHAEL

I imagine so the groom has time to reflect and be certain he has chosen the right girl, and for his father to argue with him.

190 Continued

PRITCHARD shoots him a glance and frowns.

PRITCHARD

I'm sorry my boy but it's difficult to change at my age.

MICHAEL

Is it, Father? I should have said you had changed a great deal lately. This girl you've brought into the house...

PRITCHARD

Anna? Anna is my protégé

MICHAEL

(suspicious)

Is that all she is, Father?

191 They stop. CLOSE TWO SHOT.

PRITCHARD

(shocked and angry)

What exactly do you mean?

MICHAEL

(pleading)

Father, what happened that night I left you at the Goldings? Something... something happened to you. I feel... I feel a deception in everything you say. As though you were hiding something. Anna is a strange girl, I see it in her eyes. How long are you going to keep her?

PRITCHARD's fury melts and his features soften. They turn and walk on.

192 C. U. PRITCHARD - reacting.

PRITCHARD

We'll see. We'll see, my boy.

182a. INT. PRITCHARDS STUDY. NIGHT

ANNA is stretched out on the couch. PRITCHARD has trained his "spot" lamp onto her face. PRITCHARD is putting away his syringe.

PULL BACK to a two shot - as PRITCHARD speaks...

PRITCHARD

Now Anna. We're going on a voyage, you and I, back in time to when you were a very little girl. I want you to try and remember as far back as you can. Back in time. Try to search your mind, Anna, for those days when you were very small. Do you remember your Mother, Anna. What was she like...?

ANNA

(after a pause, searching)

She wore a silk dress with frills all along the bottom. There was a fire in the grate and it was warm - sometimes...

ANNA turns her head to stare at the firelight that flickers. There is a faint and distant warning on the track of the Rippers Theme.

PRITCHARD

Yes...sometimes? And sometimes?

ANNA

Sometimes I sat on her lap by the fire and sometimes on the rug...there were bars...

(frowns)

PRITCHARD

On your bed...?

ANNA

Yes...there were bars...

C. U. ANNA is staring up toward the ceiling...frowning.

192b. P.C.V. SHOT

She is staring at the chandelier above the centre of the room. The fire light catching the facets of crystal seems to explode into stars...

192c. C.U. ANNA's eyes.

TRANSPOSE FLASHBACK SHOTS.

CLOSE SHOTS ANNA'S eyes as a child.

Small almost subliminal length shots of the original murder under the titles - ungraspable, small memories of that horror are returning to ANNA. The deep aristocratic voice of her father. Unintelligible but distinctly "The Ripper" sound faintly on the track. The sound track slowly becomes a mixture of voices and distant shouts and ANNA's voice and a kind of ethereal music that ties it all to her viewpoint.

ANNA

Then it was very cold. The fire died  
out very slowly and it got very cold.  
(shivers)  
Mother kept... kept lying very still...  
for so long... staring at me...

192d. REACTION SHOT - PRITCHARD is excited... this could be a clue.

PRITCHARD

(as she pauses)  
Yes. Anna, and then.

Over the other track comes the unfeeling sound of strange voices and a woman's laugh. It is LAURA's laughter.

The other sounds on the track stop suddenly and are replaced by this disturbing 'natural' sound of laughter which is happening in the hall outside the study door.

182c. Continued

PRITCHARD

Rest Anna. Rest a moment.

PRITCHARD turns angrily and moves light away, and goes to the door... he opens it quietly and steps out into the hall. ANNA remains staring motionless at the chandelier...

193 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

As PRITCHARD very annoyed opens the door and comes out to confront an agitated MRS. BRYANT and a smiling MICHAEL and LAURA.

MRS. BRYANT

Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry if we disturbed you but Mr. Michael and Miss Laura are being very rebellious.

MICHAEL

We're only going out to dinner, Father... surely...

MRS. BRYANT

Doctor I can hardly chaperone them and be here to look after Miss Anna and yourself as well. I'm only a singular person.

PRITCHARD

(fighting down his anger)

Mrs. Bryant you're quite right. Go with them to dinner. Anna and I will manage by ourselves. Now if you'll excuse me.

PRITCHARD turns and goes back into his study, as they start for the door.

194 INT. STUDY. NIGHT

PRITCHARD comes in and crosses the hallway to the couch before he stops in shock.

195 P.O.V. SHOT

The couch is empty.

196 REACTION SHOT PRITCHARD

There is a rustling sound from the other side of the room. PRITCHARD wheels to face whatever it is.

197 P.O.V. SHOT FRENCH WINDOWS.

The curtains move inward.

198 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD comes into shot and crosses to the curtains and pulls them aside. The French windows behind are open and creaking in the gentle night wind.

PRITCHARD hesitates for a second then snatches up his cape from the back of a chair and plunges out into the darkness of the garden.

198a EXT. STREET NEAR BENNER STREET, WHITECHAPEL.  
NIGHT.

This is a wider street with the public house the  
"Crown and Trumpet"

CLOSE on ANNA - and track her along the street. As she passes the lights of the pub from which comes the sound of revelry and song. Past a group of loitering whores and to the dark corner where under a lamp post she encounters LONG LIZ - a whore now pleasantly drunk.

LONG LIZ (V.O.)

Hello, hello there. You lost yourself  
then, my dear.

BLUR PAN to LIZ - who gives a great lecherous smile.

198a. Continued

ANNA stares at her with interest but does not speak. She is deeply in a trance and her eyes register a lust and sensuality far beyond her own knowledge...

TWO SHOT

LONG LIZ

You're a bit young for this game aren't you? Those other bags up there will have your hair off if they catch you on their beat. Let's have a look at you.

She pulls ANNA's hood down.

198b. C. U. ANNA's face.

198c. EXT. ANOTHER STREET. LONDON. NIGHT

CLOSE TRACK SHOT.

PRITCHARD walking fast and searching the faces and the alleys' desperately looking for some trace of the girl.

199 EXT. BERNER STREET. NIGHT (LOT)

A narrow gas lit alleyway. LONG LIZ comes rolling down the alley towards the camera apparently talking to herself.

LONG LIZ

Dearie when I started it was a different kettle of fish. 'Twas every girl for herself like, and none of this bloody business of

199 Continued

LONG LIZ (Cont)  
having your territory. They was lovely  
houses in those days all crystal and lovely  
hangings real gentlemen and lords to drop  
you a guinea for good luck.

As she draws closer and stumbles to the doorway beside the camera  
we see she is not alone. With her is the tiny cloaked figure of ANNA.

200 EXT. STREET NIGHT (LOT)

PRITCHARD comes out of an alley and after looking both ways strides  
off down the street.

201 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE NARROW STAIRCASE AND LANDING NIGHT  
(RE-VAMP of MRS GOLDING's stairs)

LONG LIZ and ANNA are making their way up the stairs.

LONG LIZ  
Now though, it's all too regulated, what  
with Peelers on you and the price of gin  
wot it is now and the way even so called  
nice women act, it's hard to tell the  
professional from the amateurs ... Bloody  
key ... Mind your step dearie ...

She opens the door and pulls ANNA into the darkness.

202 INT. LONG LIZ'S ROOM NIGHT  
(RE-VAMP of ANNA's room in MRS GOLDING's house)

Pitch black screen - until she lights the candle - then we see:

Very tiny room hardly wider than the bed. A slop bucket in the corner  
and a stand with bowl, pitches, mirror and a mess of clothes. All  
extremely cluttered and filthy.

LONG LIZ puts ANNA on the bed and sits on her stool in front of the  
mirror to pull out her hat pins and take off her bonnet and pours out  
a couple of glasses of gin.

LONG LIZ  
Ah, that puts some light on the subject.  
Being a young and pretty girl like yourself  
you got to start out right and the right way  
isn't by tramping up and down the street  
what's already being solicited on.



202 Continued

## LONG LIZ (Cont)

Now I'll just have a little drop of this  
to clear the froat dear. That's what  
put all the girls in such a nasty temper  
dear.

(looking sadly in the  
mirror)

That's an ugly sight.

(back to Anna)

But never mind dear. You're safe  
here with me tonight. That's a good  
warm bed even if it does move a bit  
on its own. We'll be like two bugs  
in a rug, you and me.

203 EXT. NARROW STREET NIGHT (LOT)

PRITCHARD hurries along, his eyes searching every alley way.  
A carriage clatters by him, splashing water and sewage out of the  
open drains.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE

A figure huddles in a doorway ahead of him. It steps forward  
menacingly as he approaches. (It's the Street Arab from the  
square.)

PRITCHARD

Out of my way.

STREET ARAB

Ah it's you, sir. Looking for a carriage,  
your Lordship?

205 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD wild with anxiety, seizes him by the rags he wears.

PRITCHARD

Here, have you seen a girl pass here?  
Small, wearing a cloak. Only a few  
minutes ago.

205 Continued

STREET ARAB

Indeed Sir. I've seen many girls pass here. If girls you call 'em Sir. More like whores I'd say. They'll be a dozen of 'em just around the next corner, sir, by the Crown and Trumpet. But if it's a real woman you want sir, I've got ...

PRITCHARD pushes him away and flings him a few coppers for which he scrambles in the mud.

206 CLOSE UP STREET ARAB

As he looks after PRITCHARD

STREET ARAB

(sarcastic)

Bless you, sir and may your eyes catch fire and burn down your nose.

207 INT. LONG LIZ'S ROOM NIGHT

ANNA still sits on the bed in her trance. Her eyes wearing the dark sly devilish look we have seen before. THE TRACK throbs with the Alexander theme and we hear LONG LIZ's incessant voice coming under this as though from a long way off and under water.

LONG LIZ (V. O.)

Even though the good days have passed for all of us my dear, they's still good pickin's about, 'specially for the likes of you. At your age, you're quite a pretty thing. Here, stand up dear and let's have a little look at you.

208 WIDER ANGLE

As LIZ helps ANNA to her feet. We still hear LIZ 'through' the sound of ALEXANDER'S THEME.

LONG LIZ

(touching Anna's breasts)

You're modest there for most gentlemen's taste but they'll get plumper with time and a few tricks I know. Why, you're shivering with the cold. You poor little thing. Wonder you didn't freeze.

## 209 CLOSE TWO SHOT

LIZ bends forward and kisses her on the cheek and undoes the catch about the neck of ANNA's cloak and lets it fall.

LIZ

Time you and I got our clothes off and  
got into a nice warm bed together ...

## 210 REVERSE ANGLE

LIZ has both hands around ANNA's neck undoing the catch on Anna's dress, her face against Anna's cheek when the transformation takes place and Anna with Alexander's strength pushes her violently away stumbling back against the wash stand cum dressing table and mirror.

## 211 CLOSE UP LONG LIZ

LIZ's face distorts with terror as she sees what Anna has become.

LIZ

(screams)

Oh, my God.

## 212 CLOSE SHOT

On the cluster of long hat pins beside LIZ on the marble wash stand. ALEXANDER's hands wrap about them. They have large shiney beads on their ends, of various colours.

## 213 CLOSE UP LONG LIZ

She starts to scream again and raises one hand to her face - the palm of her left hand against the left eye and cheek ... there is a quick, discernable flash shot of the bright beads and the steel shafts of the hat pins and Alexander's hand over Liz's protective hand at the cut.

CUT TO

## 214 EXT. 'CROWN AND TRUMPET' (PUBLIC HOUSE) NIGHT (LOT)

A lighted pub is visible down the street from whence comes the sound of ribaldry, merriment and song. Five well padded whores are lounging near the front outside comparing miseries as PRITCHARD approaches.

214 Continued

Over these comes the sound of the last of LIZ's terrified screams but so distant and muffled that it has no alarm value, nor meaning ... the much nearer screaming of a cat that PRITCHARD disturbs as he goes up to the whores fills the track.

215 GROUP SHOT

PRITCHARD approaches the whores whose welcoming smiles fade at the sight of his stern eyed expression.

PRITCHARD

Listen to me. I'm looking for a girl.  
I'll pay you well if you help me, so  
tall ... wearing a cloak. Have you seen  
her pass.

1ST WHORE

Yeah, that must be the new one.

Others grin and laugh.

4TH WHORE

We saw her alright. And she'll remember  
us, too, the little grabber.

2ND WHORE

I shouldn't think there'd be enough woman  
there for a man like you, Sir. Surely ...

PRITCHARD

Where is she? Tell me at once.

3RD WHORE

Where's that money you mentioned?

There is another weak but not so distant cry of distress from LIZ.  
(The next shots should be framed so a dark passageway that opens  
across and down the street is visible)

5TH WHORE

Yeah, let's see that first.

PRITCHARD gives the 1ST WHORE money enough to impress her.

215 Continued

2ND WHORE

Liz took her off. To her place.

PRITCHARD

Who is Liz? Where does she live?

3RD WHORE

Liz likes her little girls, she does.

5TH WHORE

All she's good for.

216 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD grabs the 1ST WHORE by the arm.

PRITCHARD

Where does she live?

217 ANOTHER ANGLE

As this goes on LIZ's cries come closer and she appears behind the group stumbling out of the passageway into the street. She is wearing only her corsets and shift, and has her left hand over her left eye and nose. She gropes with the other one.

1ST WHORE

Here, not so bloody hard. Don't squeeze the fruit if you're not buying it ...

PRITCHARD

Tell me where I can find this Liz. Will you please hurry.

2ND WHORE

(seeing Liz)

Blimey, there she is now.

3RD WHORE

What's the matter with her.

LIZ seeing them all drops to her knees in the centre of the road and lets out a long agonized cry of pain.

## 218 HIGH ANGLE SHOT

They all rush to help. PRITCHARD follows the 1ST WHORE, she lets out a scream and pulls back as she sees LIZ.

1ST WHORE

(screams)

Oh, she's been done . . . Look at her.  
She's been done.

The others all step back in horror.

## 219 CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD pushes his way past them and bends over LIZ who remains kneeling in the street. PRITCHARD's face reflects alarm.

## 220 CLOSE UP LONG LIZ

LIZ's face. Her hand is over her eye. She is in shadow looking quite normal, then she turns her head into the gas light and we see that the back of her hand is like a pin cushion. The bright coloured beads of about 6 hat pins protrude from the back of her hand about an inch.

The rest of the shafts have gone through her hand and into her eye. Blood is streaming down from under the hand.

As this happens there are great shouts of "Murder!" - "Murder!" from the whores. The clump of male boots, banging of doors etc., as the pub empties.

## 221 CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

He straightens up and looks about as several men push past him to look at LIZ calling out for torches ("Come on men, we'll find the bastard . . . Get some light . . . He can't have gone far . . .")

PRITCHARD starts towards the passage Liz came out of.

## 222 EXT. LIZ'S PASSAGEWAY NIGHT (LOT)

It's very dark. PRITCHARD rushes down the alley searching. He comes to LIZ's doorway.

## 223 P. O. V. SHOT OF ANNA

PRITCHARD sees a white ghostly figure against the palings.

PRITCHARD (O. S.)

(whispers)

Anna? . . .

## 224 REVERSE ANGLE

He approaches the figure cautiously.

ANNA stands against the doorway (or palings) in her blood stained dress.

## 225 CLOSE UP

ANNA's eyes are still intent and devilish looking.

## 226 TWO SHOT

Quickly as the noise of the murder hunt increases behind them, PRITCHARD drops his own cloak over ANNA hiding her and starts away, towards the other end of the passage.

## 227 EXT. STREET AT THE OTHER END OF PASSAGE NIGHT (LOT)

PRITCHARD emerges into the gas-lit street, as a hansom cab comes along. He waves and calls and it stops. He hustles ANNA into it as the first of the vigilantes, now with flaming torches emerge behind him from the passageway . . . on the run.

## 228 ANOTHER ANGLE

As PRITCHARD is getting into the cab, one of the torch bearers stops and holds up his light to look at him.

1ST VIGILANTE

Here you. Stop!

(seizes him by the arm)

2ND VIGILANTE

(the first to arrive at Liz)

That bloke's alright, Jock. He was with the girls when it happened.

226 Continued

The MAN lets him go and PRITCHARD gets in the cab and closes the door and the cab moves off.

229 INT. CAB. NIGHT

PRITCHARD puts his cape over ALMA as the cab moves away. The flares of the torches passing in the street outside the window. He takes a case containing his syringe from his pocket.

230 EXT. STREET. NIGHT (LON)

Carriage clattering away into the night.



(NEW PAGE 12.1.71) 78-81 inclusive.

SCENES 221 - 247 HAVE BEEN DELETED.

PLEASE SUBSTITUTE THIS PAGE FOR THE ABOVE  
NUMBERED PAGES.

248 INT. CHURCH DAY

This scene of a wedding rehearsal should remove us temporarily from the horror of what has gone before - keep it sunny and light.

PRITCHARD enters the church and joins the crowd at the altar.

249 CLOSE UP: The MINISTER, the REV. ANDERSON - old and wise.

REV ANDERSON

... In sickness and in health ...

250 GROUP SHOT - Featuring LAURA.

LAURA (not in her wedding gown) is repeating the Minister's words after him.

LAURA

In sickness and in health ...

REV

For better and for worse ...

LAURA

For better, for worse ...

REV

Till death us do part ...

LAURA

Till death us do part ...

REV

And even then I plight thee my troth.

LAURA

And even then I pligh<sup>t</sup> thee my troth.

REV

If anyone here assembled knows  
just cause why this couple should  
not be joined in holy wedlock, let  
him speak now or forever hold his  
peace ...

251 CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD who is giving away the bride is standing behind the best man, a contemporary silly ass type friend of MICHAELS. Behind them

251 Continued

are two bridesmaids, friends of LAURAS and Mrs Eryant and Anna.

PRITCHARD

I think I know of one very just cause, Sir.

252 RESUME GROUP SHOT

The others look at him in alarm.

PRITCHARD

If you go any further Reverend Anderson, you will have them officially married at their own wedding rehearsal.

The others all relax and laugh.

253 CLOSE UP

REV ANDERSON

(laughs)

Quite right, Doctor. Thank you for reminding me. It is true you know, as a young Vicar, I got quite carried away once by the sound of me own voice and prematurely spliced the young couple - right on the spot.

254 TWO SHOT LAURA AND MICHAEL

LAURA leans close to MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Don't we get to rehearse the kissing part?

LAURA

(whispering)

I was just wondering the same thing, this is a cheat ...

REV ANDERSON

Now, I believe Laura you would like to have a little practice finding the register and making your way about.

LAURA

Yes, please ...

255 TWO SHOT PRITCHARD AND ANNA

ANNA is smiling but has tears on her cheek.

PRITCHARD

Tears? Are you alright my dear?

ANNA

Yes sir, it's just that it's so beautiful  
and they're so lovely and happy. I  
don't know what I shall do at the real  
wedding.

256 WIDER ANGLE

REV ANDERSON

I think the rest of you may stand easy  
for a moment, while we sort out the  
stroll to the vicarage.

PRITCHARD takes ANNA's arm and they start for the side Chapel  
door that leads into the churchyard.

PRITCHARD

Come Anna . . .

257 EXT. CHURCHYARD DAY (LOCATION)

A village type churchyard with graves, but sunny and cheerful.

PRITCHARD and ANNA stroll down the path between the stones.

ANNA

Do you think Doctor Pritchard that? . . .

PRITCHARD

Anna, do you think you could possibly  
call me John?

ANNA

(looks at him with some  
awe)

Oh no sir, I couldn't . . .

PRITCHARD

Well I won't have you siring me like  
the servants . . . I don't feel at all  
fatherly and Doctor is too formal.

ANNA

Doctor John?

257 Continued

PRITCHARD

Um. Alright.

(smiles and then  
grows serious)

Frankly already I find myself over-  
coming an urge at times to call you  
darling Anna. I imagine that sounds  
silly coming from an old man.

ANNA

(she hugs his arm)

Oh no, no ...

PRITCHARD

You had a question you were going to  
ask?

ANNA

(seriously)

I wondered ... "Even then I plight thee  
my troth" Do you think we know each  
other in that other World, Doctor John.

PRITCHARD

What ever do you mean, child?

258 CLOSE UP ANNA

ANNA

At Mrs Goldings sometimes ... I was  
only pretending but sometimes I seem  
to get into their world and they seemed  
so ... so mad and full of hate ...

(stopping to look down  
at a fresh grave)

... unhappy.

Her eyes narrow as she begins to remember ... There is a faint  
suggestion of 'Alexander's Theme' in the air.

ANNA

Last night ... I ... Oh, I just ...

259 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD

That was a bad dream Anna. I explained  
that to you. It was only a bad dream, that

259 Continued

PRITCHARD (Cont)  
came while you were under hypnosis.

ANNA  
No ... No ... No ... I felt them coming  
to me ... So clearly.

PRITCHARD holds her.

PRITCHARD  
No, Anna. There are no such things as  
spirits. This is nonsense.

260 CLOSE ON ANNA

ANNA  
Can you help me, Doctor John. Oh, I  
know these dreams are not all dreams.  
Not all dreams. They want me to do  
things ... terrible things, Doctor John.  
They keep pulling me into this darkness;  
this man, I keep seeing him. Can you  
help me?

261 CLOSE ON PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD  
Of course I can help you. Anna, dear  
Anna, of course. But you must learn  
to trust me.

ANNA  
I do, Oh I do.

PRITCHARD  
First you must believe me. There are  
no such things as spirits, evil or other-  
wise, there is no darkness either. They  
are only in your imagination. You dreamed  
them up all by yourself. With help from  
people like Mrs Golding. Do you remember  
when you had the measles or the mumps?

262 ANOTHER ANGLE

ANNA  
Yes! I was very sick. I thought I would  
surely die.

262 Continued

PRITCHARD

Well it's like that. But the sickness is in your mind, Anna. Now as with your mumps and measles, I am going to cure this sickness, but to cure this I shall use different medicine.

ANNA

Will it taste bad?

PRITCHARD

(grinning)

No. It won't taste at all.  
The only medicine you'll take is listening to me.

ANNA

(smiling happily)

Then I shall like my medicine very much and I look forward to taking it often...

PRITCHARD

Good girl. But first I want you to meet a certain lady.

ANNA

Is this lady a doctor too?

PRITCHARD

No she's not a doctor.

(Puts his arm round her, intensely)  
Trust me, Anna - trust me.

They walk back towards the church.

CUT TO:

263 INT. MADAME BULLARD'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

C. U. Bird in cage. Ringed hand comes into picture to feed it. CAMERA pulls back to reveal:

253 Continued

MADAME BULLARD a very formidable grand dame. She is dressed in that well corseted regal Queen Mary fashion and wears a lorgnette which hangs round her neck.

A uniformed MAID steps in to quietly announce.

MAID

A gentleman and a young lady to see you madame. They gave no name.

MADAME

Ask them in please they are expected, Maude.

She crosses the room as DR. PRITCHARD and ANN - de-cloaked in the hall - enter. MADAME in spite of her regal air is warm and aristocratically polite in manner. Never the less there is the flat air of a business rather than social visit about this scene. It would be awkward, even embarrassing, if it were not for their splendid manners.

MADAME

Do come in please.  
(guiding him)  
and be seated.

PRITCHARD

This is Miss Anna.

MADAME

Hello my dear. Please sit over here won't you.

She leads them to a sofa and two chairs near the fire and seats herself across from and close to ANNA, leaving PRITCHARD as a spectator on the sofa.

It is obvious this is a well ordered routine.

MADAME

What a very pretty dress you have on Anna.

C.S.

ANNA shoots the odd uneasy glance at PRITCHARD who remains cynically aloof at this stage. She is wondering what is going to happen.



263 Continued

ANNA

Thank you, ma'am.

MADAME

I hear from a mutual friend that  
you have lost your past.

PRITCHARD

(impatient)

It's facts, I need.

MADAME

I can only tell you what I see.

PRITCHARD

(sarcastic)

What the spirits tell and the crystal  
ball reveals.

MADAME

Sir, I really do not understand the process  
myself. But I use no apparatus as such  
unless I can call myself apparatus. No  
crystal ball, not even tea leaves. I'm  
sorry to disappoint you. Shall I proceed?

PRITCHARD nods wearily.

BULLARD leans forward and looks at ANNA through her  
lorgnette.

MADAME

What a pretty little face you have.

She drops the lorgnette which swings back and forth. ANNA's  
eyes follow the movement.

263a. LORGNETTE catching glow of fire and sparkles.

263b. C.S. ANNA's eyes begin to glitter.

263c. RESUME MADAME BULLARD

263c Continued

MADAME

(taking ANNA's hands in hers)

Do not be alarmed, my dear. Nothing I do will harm you. I often help people find their past, sometimes it can be such a very pleasant experience.

264 C.S. EULLARD

As she takes ANNA's hand her expression changes. Something about ANNA seems to be getting across already.

265 TWO SHOT - ANNA & EULLARD

266 C.S. EULLARD

She stares at ANNA and her face alters to an extreme seriousness.

She hums to herself and begins to speak in a disconnected fashion and in a voice quite different from her usual well modulated tone.

EULLARD

There is a violence in this girl. I felt it there. Something quite sudden. It's still there now - something horribly violent. Something to do with someone close to her. I see a room - firelight - a red carpet - a bed and a child - a little girl in the bed. There's a woman, her mother, and a man - it's her father. Yes, her father - well dressed, well spoken, a noleman, his clothes are... years ago.

(getting more excited)

There's blood on his clothes - he's a man who murders. The little girl - it's Anna - she's alone and there is a woman on the floor - lying there - still - blood - the man has murdered the mother of his child... that child - that child is Anna.

267 REACTION SHOT - PRITCHARD

He sits up with some interest.

268 C.S. ANNA

She is still in her state - her eyes on the flickering lorgnette.

PRITCHARD

Who is this man...?

269 C.U.

BULLARD

Berner Street... Berner Street... Oh,  
My God... the man is ... the Ripper.

PRITCHARD (V.C.)

Who... who was it?...

Suddenly MADAME BULLARD lets go of ANNA's hand with a shrug of horror and rises and steps aside to regain her composure... she is genuinely shocked and completely out of her trance.

270 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD

Who was it? I'd like to know.

BULLARD

(shakes her head)

I'm sorry... I can't tell you. But I must warn you the man's violence is still in that girl... she is what I would call - possessed.

PRITCHARD is worried. For the first time he has doubts in his own theories. BULLARD approaches ANNA by the fire across the room.

271 PAN TO MADAME BULLARD, who comes up to the still entranced ANNA looking sympathetic.

BULLARD

Poor child.

272 C. U. ANNA who is still in a trance, does not move but remains staring at BULLARD with amused and intensely devilish eyes.

273 TWO SHOT

BULLARD

It's alright...there, there my dear...it's alright, Anna. Don't be frightened...you're alright now.

MADAME BULLARD bends over as she speaks and softly kisses ANNA on the cheek...

274 LONG SHOT

PRITCHARD

Sometimes, Madame I despair for the human race. How we can appear so outwardly civilized and yet be as ignorant and superstitious as cave men is beyond me.

REACTION SHOT

PRITCHARD approaches MADAME BULLARD and ANNA.

PRITCHARD

Come along, Anna - it's time for us to go.

274a. THREE SHOT

MADAME BULLARD is still bent over, her cheek against ANNA's but she has now dropped to her knees on the floor. ANNA seems calm and is almost smiling and has not moved.

274a. Continued.

PRITCHARD

Madame!

PRITCHARD puts a hand on MADAME's shoulder and she falls backward onto the floor dead. The handle of the lorgnette she wore protrudes from her heart, and blood is beginning to trickle from her mouth.

PRITCHARD

Ch, Anna!...Anna! Why? Why?

274b L.S.

Quickly PRITCHARD pulls ANNA to her feet and gripping her by the shoulders stares into her entranced and smiling eyes. He hustles her to the door of the drawing room and opens it and looks out furtively into the hall. They exit.

274c. EXT. PRITCHARDS HOUSE. DAY

L.S. - HIGH ANGLE

The cab pulls up in front of the house - the horses lathered and prancing... PRITCHARD gets out at once, pays the driver, and helps ANNA to the front door as the cabbie starts away with a crack of the whip.

274d. INT. FRONT HALLWAY. PRITCHARD'S HOUSE. DAY

PRITCHARD enters with ANNA and leaving their cloaks on, goes straight into the study. ANNA, dazed and passive is still in her trance.

274e. INT. STUDY.

PRITCHARD and ANNA enter. DYSART who has let himself in by the French doors and is seated, his back to the door, rises. PRITCHARD is shocked at seeing DYSART in his study.

ANOTHER ANGLE

274e. Continued

PRITCHARD turns to DYSART angrily.

PRITCHARD

What the devil do you want?

DYSART

What did Madame Bullard have to say about her.

REACTION SHOT

PRITCHARD

(evasive)

Nothing. Lot of mumbo jumbo about Jack the Ripper being her father. Utter nonsense.

DYSART

(excited)

I knew it! I knew it!

PRITCHARD

He's been dead for 15 years.

DYSART

Explains it all. Oh, my God!

PRITCHARD

It explains nothing. If it was fact yes, but it is not a fact.

DYSART

If Madame Bullard said...

PRITCHARD

(desperate)

Madame Bullard is a medium - a fake. Dysart I'm beginning to make progress with the girl. I'm discovering the causes of her actions. I'm going to cure her.

DYSART

You can't cure Jack the Ripper and that's who she is.

274c. Continued

PRITCHARD

Listen to me Dysart. Let me show you what I've discovered.

Leads ANNA to couch and gives her injection. PRITCHARD goes to the jewel box and takes out the brooch DYSART gave her earlier and holds it to the light so it sparkles.

PRITCHARD

Her trance is induced by nothing more or less than a flickering light of a certain frequency reacting on her optic nerves. Do you remember where all this began? She used to stand in the hall outside a grille window in Mrs. Goldings.

275 FLASHBACK

E.C.U. ANNA

ANNA's face at the grille. The firelight from inside MRS. GOLDINGS' living room is flickering against her face as she (without sound - we hear only PRITCHARD's voice) give her "little girl" act.

PRITCHARD (V.C.)

The light from the fire flickering through the grille set up a conditioning which she associated with this spirit world nonsense and the parts she acted...

276 BACK TO SCENE IN THE STUDY

ANNA asleep on the couch. She looks extremely beautiful and innocent.

PRITCHARD and DYSART are watching her.

PRITCHARD

She is an emotional and sensitive child. In reaction against the terrors inflicted by Mrs. Golding and the savage world she grew up in, her mind went in revolt. Like a drunkard

276 Continued

PRITCHARD (cont.)

looking for his bottle, her mind sought every opportunity available to forget, to escape into a safer world. Where no one could intrude or inflict pain or lust. While the light flickered through the grille, Anna was safe - she was needed and useful. So in other moments of stress her mind seized on any similar frequency of flickering light to opt out of life.

DYSART

You may be right but she's a murderer and a murderer's daughter and you can't opt out of that fact. A murderer has to be punished.

PRITCHARD

(desperate)

Please - just let me prove my theory.

277 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD sits beside ANNA and puts the lamp down on the floor.

PRITCHARD

(gently)

Anna, Anna... I want you to open your eyes now and look at something I have in my hand.

ANNA opens her eyes.

278 CLOSE SHOT Brooch DYSART gave ANNA.

PRITCHARD (C.S.)

Can you see it?

PRITCHARD holds the brooch in his palm away from the light. It is dull and lifeless and does not sparkle.



279 C. U. ANNA

ANNA remains calm.

ANNA

(dreamily)

Yes. I remember...I thought it was lost.

280 TWO SHOT

PRITCHARD

Now look at it again, Anna.

PRITCHARD brings the lamp up beside the brooch so it sparkles.

281 C. U. DYSART

He is not very impressed, being more worried over his own safety. He backs off a pace.

282 RESUME TWO SHOT. ANNA AND PRITCHARD

The brooch sparkles and flares in the lamp light.

ANNA twists her body as she stares at it.

283 E.C.U. ANNA

Her face darkens. She goes further into her entranced state.

284 REACTION SHOT. DYSART

DYSART steps back in fear.

285 TWO SHOT PRITCHARD AND ANNA

PRITCHARD lowers the lamp. However, ANNA remains entranced.

285 Continued

PRITCHARD

Thank you Anna, now I want you to close your eyes and sleep again. Rest Anna. Rest. You're very tired.

286 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD

(contempt)

She's perfectly calm and safe in this state.

DYSART

How can a murderer be safe. What sets her off? Why did she kill? Tell me that?

PRITCHARD

As yet I haven't discovered what it is that triggers off her violent state but when I find that I'll have the key to the whole illness. Don't you see I'm on the way to a discovery that could change our whole conception of crime and punishment.

287 TWO SHOT PRITCHARD AND DYSART

DYSART

Yes. All very interesting. But it doesn't solve the problem, which I believe is still one of morality. The girl has brutally murdered a woman. Possibly more. Who knows? And here she is unpunished.

288 C. U. PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD turns on him in quiet fury.

PRITCHARD

Unpunished! Is that all you can think of? Revenge? I'm on the road to finding out why she murdered. Dysart... the girl has a disease that I may well learn to cure.

289 C. U. DYSART

DYSART

The only cure for her trouble in my opinion is a length of good hemp rope around her neck. It's always been the cure and it always will be. I was out of my mind to go along with you in the first place, fear has caused me to neglect my duty.

291 DYSART goes to French doors.

DYSART

(showing his true mean self for a moment)  
....and I think Pritchard, any revised testimony you give about seeing me at Goldings that night would be a waste of your breath, once it's out you've been harbouring the Ripper...as a public servant I am going to expose this menace.  
Good day to you, Sir.

DYSART strides out across the garden.

292 REACTION SHOT PRITCHARD

PRITCHARD stares after him - his face a mask of sadness and defeat. He turns back into the study and closes the doors.

293 WIDER ANGLE

He walks slowly and sadly over to the couch and sits down beside ANNA who is awake, entranced and with a strange smile on her face, and takes her hand. She has never looked more beautiful.

PRITCHARD

(softly whispering)  
Oh, my dear Anna, I've failed you and myself. Forgive me, Anna.

294 CLOSE TWO SHOT

He bends over and kisses her on the mouth.

295 E.C.U. ANNA

Her eyes take on a devilish gleam.

296 WIDER ANGLE

PRITCHARD turns to his desk at the end of the couch and closes the file of notes he has made on ANNA. This puts his back to ANNA and the camera.

296a. B.C.U. ANNA's eyes - over which FLASHBACK of mother's murder.

PRITCHARD (V.C.)

Perhaps you and I, Anna are a little ahead of our time. Perhaps in another age...

296b. A man's hand on ANNA's arm removes sword from wall behind desk.

297 SIDE VIEW PRITCHARD

As he turns about we see a flash of steel and the Naval sword rips through PRITCHARD's right side and comes out of his back leaving the hilt and handle flush against his gut. He gasps, looks down at the handle and sits down on the floor in shock.

PRITCHARD

Anna! No... Anna!

## 298 LOW ANGLE

On PRITCHARD - As ANNA walks past him out of the study to the hall. We see only the lower part of her dress as she passes him and he stares upward in disbelief and horror. The "Rippers Theme" fills the background... the study door slams shut... PRITCHARD in great agony rises slowly to his knees gripping the sword with both hands.

## 299 EXT. PRITCHARD'S HOUSE. DAY (LOT)

The carriage stands in front of the house and MICHAEL is helping LAURA into it.

299 Continued

MRS BRYANT

But the alterations on the dress, it will take hours. I can't possibly come with you.

MICHAEL

Then we shall go alone, Nanny.

MRS BRYANT

Go alone! Go alone! You can't be seen out together two days before your wedding unchaperoned. It's unheard of.

MICHAEL

Well Mrs Bryant I simply must look in at my office or I'll be starting married life in the poor house. It's that simple.

LAURA leans out of the cab.

LAURA

And I am not letting him go alone. How do I know he isn't planning to run off and leave me?

(disappears back into  
the carriage)

MRS BRYANT

Oh, Mr Michael this is an impossible conundrum. What am I to do? I will not let you go alone and I cannot go myself.

At that moment there is the sound of the front door closing MRS BRYANT and MICHAEL look around.

300 PAN TO DOOR

TO FRONT DOOR AS ANNA comes out now wearing her cloak, still in her trance.

301 ANOTHER ANGLE

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Ah, there's your solution, Anna!  
Dear girl.

301 Continued

MICHAEL approaches ANNA and takes her arm and leads her down the step.

MICHAEL

You're just in time to save, not only our reputations in society, but honour as well. Laura, my dear, here's Anna who has kindly consented to go to the city with us.

As MICHAEL and ANNA cross to the cab. LAURA leans out.

302 CLOSE ON LAURA

LAURA

Oh good, we shall be able to amuse ourselves while you conduct your beastly commerce at the office. You shall show me, dear Anna, a part of London I have always loved.

303 WIDER ANGLE

MICHAEL and ANNA enter the cab.

STAY ON MRS BRYANT who waves the carriage off down the street and with arthritic groans turns and mounts the stairs and starts opening the front door with her key.

304 INT. STUDY DAY

The sword hilt sticking out of PRITCHARD's side. In great agony he is standing close to the door handle (handle, not a knob). He threads the sword's guard through the handle and then bracing himself with both hands hurls himself backwards and falls on the floor. At the same time withdrawing the sword from his own body.

305 INT. HALLWAY DAY

MRS BRYANT has just entered and closed the door when she hears the thud and then the rattle of the sword falling from the door handle.

MRS BRYANT

Dr Pritchard? Is that you? Are you alright?

306 INT. STUDY DAY

PRITCHARD staggers to his feet pressing a wad of bandages to his side to staunch the blood and goes to the door.

PRITCHARD

Yes. It's alright, Mrs Bryant. Is Michael with you?

307 REACTION SHOT PRITCHARD

MRS BRYANT (V. O.)

Oh, he and Miss Laura have gone to his office in the City Doctor. But it's alright, Sir, they've taken Anna with them as chaperone. I wouldn't let them go alone. Now if you don't need me Doctor I've got a thousand things to do,

(fading out as she  
goes below)

308 WIDER ANGLE

PRITCHARD realizes with horror what has happened. He goes to the desk and spills some tablets out of a bottle and gulps them down. He then stumbles across to the cabinet and begins binding his side with lint and a bandage.

CUT TO

309 EXT. ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL (LATE) DAY LOCATION

MICHAEL and LAURA's carriage pulls up in front of St Pauls and stops and we see ANNA and LAURA get out and the carriage pulls away with MICHAEL waving.

310 TWO SHOT

LAURA and ANNA start up the steps to the entrance arm in arm (there should be a few groups of costumed extras here and there but only to contribute to a deserted look - LAURA is all alone with a MONSTER)

311 EXT. STREET NEAR PRITCHARD'S DAY (LOT)

PRITCHARD leans against a gas lamp standard and raises his stick to stop a cab but it clatters by ignoring him. He almost faints. Another cab approaches and this one stops. PRITCHARD reels toward the door.



311 Continued

PRITCHARD

Egglesstone Lane. Quick as you can  
man, and there's a guinea in it for  
you.

PRITCHARD is hardly in when the whip cracks the horse away with  
a jolt.

312 INT. CAB DAY

PRITCHARD is hurled into the seat. He feels inside his cloak and  
his hand comes out wet with blood.

313 INT. STAIRWAY TO WHISPERING GALLERY ST PAULS DAY

LAURA and ANNA climb up the steep stairs. ANNA is still entranced  
and leading the way.

LAURA

(echoing voice)

My father used to bring me here as a  
little girl when I could still see a little  
and I used to so look forward to it. He  
would sit on one side three hundred  
feet away from me and whisper a line  
of poetry and then I would whisper the  
next if I knew it and that way he taught  
me miles of poetry before I could even  
read. Anna? ...

(puffing)

... Give me your hand.

ANNA

(dark faced but calm,  
gives Laura her hand)

We're at the top now. All the way up.

314 EXT. EGGLESTONE LANE NARROW STREET NR ST PAULS  
DAY (LOT)

An office building with a bow front and leaded panes. PRITCHARD's  
cab stops in front of it and the CABBIE looks down at the door.

CABBIE

We're here, Sir ... Sir?

CABBIE gets down and opens the door.

314 Continued

CABBIE

You alright, Sir?

The COMMISSIONAIRE of the office building comes out to open the cab door. He sees PRITCHARD obviously in pain. He turns back to the door and calls.

PRITCHARD

Browning - get Mr. Michael quickly.

Stay on PRITCHARD.

SCENE 315 deleted.

316 INT. CAB AND THROUGH IT TO THE OFFICE DOOR.

PRITCHARD, bled white, lies back on the seat. We see MICHAEL coming out of the office and approaching. He pokes his head in the cab.

MICHAEL

Father...

PRITCHARD

My boy, Anna, Laura? Where are they?

MICHAEL

They've gone to St. Pauls. To the Whispering Gallery. Father, what is the matter? You're ill?

PRITCHARD

Get in my boy. Quickly. Driver! To St. Pauls.

317 EXT. OFFICE (NARROW STREET) DAY (LOT)

The cab pulls away.

318 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY. ST. PAULS. DAY

C.S. LAURA is leaning against the wall listening...

318 Continued

LAURA

(softly)

Are you there yet? Anna?

319 WIDER ANGLE

ANNA is walking around the railing to the far side. She is staring down through the bars of the railing...looking very fascinated.

320 P.O.V. SHOT THE EMPTY CHURCH

The CAMERA pointing down through the evenly spaced bars of the guard rail into the brighter light on the floor a hundred feet below, producing if possible the flickering shutter strobe effect of light/dark-light/dark.

321 RESUME ANNA

ANNA reaches the far side and sits down against the wall. By now her trance has deepened and her face reflects the inner struggle for possession she is undergoing. Her eyes have the same devilish smile of her trance but now, as she moves nearer the camera:

LAURA (V.C.)

(whispering)

Are you there Anna? Anna?

322 C.U. ANNA

We see, although she is almost smiling, tears are running down her cheek.

ANNA

(her own voice)

Doctor John. Help me!

322a INT. CAB.

MICHAEL is listening in horror to PRITCHARD's confession.

PRITCHARD

...but in her trance state any kiss would bring back the horror of the last kiss of her father, and he would possess her and make her kill. I made a dreadful mistake.. I was wrong...

MICHAEL

(comforting him)  
Father...

PRITCHARD

You must get to Laura before anything happens.

322b. INT. WHISPERING GALLERY.

C.S. LAURA

LAURA

(puzzled)  
What are you saying. I can't hear you clearly.

322c. C.S. ANNA

RIPPER'S VOICE

(whispering)  
We finished him off, my dear.

ANNA'S VOICE

(whisper)  
Doctor John?

RIPPER'S VOICE

Dead and gone, my dear. Along with a few others.

323 CLOSE UP LAURA

LAURA hears these voices against the wall and is confused.

LAURA

(whispering)

Anna. Is someone else with you dear?  
Anna?

324 CLOSE UP ANNA

ANNA

(own voice)

Help me!  
(desperate)

ALEXANDER'S VOICE

(whispering)

Can't help the dead. Can't help  
the living.

ANNA

(own voice)

Oh ... Help me.

LAURA (V. O.)

(whispered)

Anna what is the matter, dear. Don't  
be frightened.

325 CLOSE UP ANNA

LAURA

(whispering against  
the wall)

Stay there Anna. I'll come around to  
you. It's perfectly safe, dear. You  
won't fall.

326 WIDER ANGLE

LAURA gets up, feels for the rail and starts around towards ANNA.

327 INT. ST PAULS

MICHAEL supporting Doctor PRITCHARD reaches the desk of the  
GUARD at the door to Gallery steps.

327 Continued

MICHAEL

(to Guard)

Did two young women just go up.

GUARD

Little while back, sir. Yes.

DR PRITCHARD

Go ahead, Michael. I'll never make it.

GUARD

I'm afraid it's a bit late now Sir. We're about to close.

MICHAEL ignores the GUARD and rushes past him and starts up the steps on the trot.

328 INT. GALLERY DAY

CLOSE UP ANNA

Her face in shadow near the wall.

LAURA's last words:

"you won't fall, fall, fall"

echo in her mind.

329 WIDER ANGLE ON ANNA

She stands up and steps forward to the guard rail.

She looks over the rail. LAURA is approaching her and is about twenty-five paces away.

LAURA

Anna, Anna! Where are you dear?

330 CLOSE UP LOW ANGLE ON ANNA

ANNA peers over the rail to the floor a hundred feet below.

ANNA

(own voice, no lip  
movement)

Not dreams at all ... They were not  
dreams!

330 Continued

ALEXANDER'S VOICE

(no lip movement)

What's real and what is dreams my  
dear? I don't know. I've never known  
in all my life. Do you?

ANNA

(trembling violently)

Not dreams at all ...

331 P. O. V. SHOT CHURCH BELOW

The long drop to the floor beneath. Far below the tiny figure of DR  
PRITCHARD staggers out directly under the dome pattern on the  
floor.

ZOOM DOWN to a LONG SHOT OF PRITCHARD as he stares up -  
wide eyed with dread.

332 TWO SHOT ANNA AND LAURA

ANNA as she looks down. LAURA comes along the rail and her hand  
touches ANNA's arm. She quickly puts her hands on ANNA's shoulders.

LAURA

Anna? Anna child? What ever is  
the matter? You're trembling like  
a leaf.

LAURA puts her arm about ANNA and her cheek against hers.

333 CLOSE UP

ANNA's face over LAURA's shoulder.

LAURA

Anna dear, don't be frightened, dear.  
Just don't look down.

LAURA kisses her on the cheek as one does a frightened infant.

LAURA

There, there, dear. Hold on to me.  
I'll guide you down.

## 334 SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT ON ANNA

As LAURA kisses her, ANNA'S FACE changes and distorts and becomes the brutish lantern jawed face of ALEXANDER. Her hands come up to LAURA's shoulders, the huge hands of ALEXANDER - branded with the Fleur de Lys.

## 335 PAN TO MICHAEL

He arrives puffing, sees the two across the dome and reacts with horror. He starts running.

MICHAEL

(shouting)

LAURA! LAURA! Get away from her!

## 336 TWO SHOT LAURA AND 'ANNA'

LAURA is slowly realising she has her arms about a strange figure ... Alexander's theme reaches its peak.

LAURA

Anna? Oh ...

(wailing in fright)

ALEXANDER'S VOICE

Whose darkness do we meet in Laura?

Mine or yours?

(laughs)

ANNA has become ALEXANDER completely. She has his enormous hands about LAURA's throat and is beginning to strangle the blind girl.

CUT TO

## 337 HIGH ANGLE SHOT PRITCHARD

He stares up at the two figures high above him.

PRITCHARD

(shouts)

ANNA ... Come to me Anna!

## 338 CLOSE UP (SPECIAL EFFECT ON ALEXANDER/ANNA)

ALEXANDER is crushing LAURA's throat in his hands as PRITCHARD's voice booms in off the dome and echoes. ALEXANDER stops and for a



338 Continued

moment seems to be changing back to ANNA. Her image appears ghostlike on his own. (A negative blend of faces).

PRITCHARD'S VOICE

(spacing each word)

Anna, come to me now ... Anna!

339 WIDER ANGLE

AGAIN PRITCHARD'S VOICE comes up to Him. He lets go of LAURA and she slumps to the floor. MICHAEL arrives to take her in his arms.

340 CLOSE SHOT (SPECIAL EFFECT ON ALEXANDER/ANNA) (LOW ANGLE)

As 'ALEXANDER' turns to look down to PRITCHARD he becomes more and more ANNA as her better nature wins out.

341 CLOSE UP PRITCHARD

He looks up towards the dome, repeating his words:

"come to me ..."

342 CLOSE ON ANNA

ANNA has become herself (her dark entranced self). She peers over the railing leaning further and further out into space towards the camera and PRITCHARD below and finally seems to blot out the lens.

ANNA

Doctor John!

343 LOW ANGLE FROM PRITCHARD'S P.O.V. (SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT)

'ANNA' leans more and more over the rail - the distant figure of a small girl in a white dress, then, as he shouts again the figure detaches itself from the rail and seems to float like an angel without wings, as it plunges down towards him.

344 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND LAURA

MICHAEL has helped LAURA to her feet. He turns to look just as ANNA disappears over the edge. He rushes to the edge to look over. There is a long agonized yell from ANNA but in ALEXANDER'S COARSE VOICE.

345 FROM MICHAEL'S P. O. V. THE DOME PATTERN ON THE FLOOR

ANNA plunges down growing smaller and smaller, straight towards DR PRITCHARD. For a second they merge and then are sprawled on the marble floor.

346 INT. GALLERY DAY

MICHAEL looks away in horror and puts his arms around the sobbing LAURA.

MICHAEL

It's alright Laura. It's alright now,  
my love.

347 INT. FLOOR BELOW DOME OF ST PAULS DAY

ANNA and PRITCHARD their faces side by side both with eyes wide open, staring. Their broken bodies entwined in death ...

THE END

"HANDS OF THE RIPPER"

HAND AMENDMENTS 18.1.71

PLEASE AMEND SCRIPTS BY HAND AS BELOW:

| <u>PAGE NO.</u> | <u>SCENE NO.</u> | <u>DETAILS</u>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3               | 2                | DELETE 'hanging' insert murder.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 7               | 10               | <p>First section should read: "They all rise<br/>The last member of the seance, seated beside<br/>Mrs. Golding is a Mr. Dysart".<br/>Then continue as printed.</p> <p><u>DELETE:</u> Last four lines of MR. DYSART's<br/>first speech. From "Dear Lady....work of yours"</p> <p><u>DELETE:</u> MRS. GOLDING: "I hope you<br/>don't think I'm a professional medium."<br/>Then continue as printed.</p>                |
| 8               | 11               | After PRITCHARD's 1st speech insert:<br>During this speech PRITCHARD is looking<br>around for the "mystery voice" which he<br>knows must be there.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|                 | 12               | Insert: After PRITCHARD's speech:<br>"As he steps back offering his hand he<br>treads on ANNA's bare toes <u>which he sees</u><br>sticking out from under the curtain.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 9               | 15               | <u>ADD</u> to MRS. GOLDING's first speech<br>"I've told her a dozen times not to loiter down<br>here when I've got customers...I mean guests..<br>but she won't listen to a word I say.                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|                 | 18               | <p>MRS. GOLDING's speech should read:<br/>I took her in a few years back from the<br/>workhouse. Out of the kindness of my heart<br/>(whispers)<br/>She's a bit touched, you see, poor thing - her<br/>Mother was done in I hear, and God knows about<br/>her Father. I suppose she had one. One's got<br/>to do the best one can for the poor creatures of this<br/>world, <u>don't you think</u> Dr. Pritchard?</p> |

| <u>PAGE NO.</u> | <u>SCENE NO.</u> | <u>DETAILS</u>                                                                                                                                                                            |
|-----------------|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11              | 21               | MICHAEL's 2nd speech should read<br>"Our wedding is only six days away. Laura<br><u>arrives</u> tomorrow, Father.<br><br>MICHAEL's 4th speech DELETE<br><br>PRITCHARD's 4th speech DELETE |
| 14              | 28               | Fleur de Lys is now a BROOCH.                                                                                                                                                             |
|                 | 29               | Alexander's theme is now "The Rippers Theme"                                                                                                                                              |
|                 | 30 & 31          | BROOCH instead of Fleur de Lys.                                                                                                                                                           |
| 15              | 31               | Fleur de Lys out replace word with <u>Jewel</u><br><br>Alexander is now JACK THE RIFPER                                                                                                   |
| 17              | 38               | DELETE the word <u>hairy</u>                                                                                                                                                              |
| 20              | 47/48            | DELETE THESE TWO SCENES                                                                                                                                                                   |
|                 | 51               | PRITCHARD's line should read:<br>PRITCHARD (V.C.)<br>Mrs. Golding?                                                                                                                        |
| 21              | 54               | DELETE: puzzlement and insert 'amazement'                                                                                                                                                 |
|                 | 55a              | <u>NEW SCENE:</u><br><br>EXT. STREET.<br>Black maria chasing through towards station.                                                                                                     |
|                 | 58               | INSPECTOR's speech: DELETE from :<br>"I would say.....pound hammer".                                                                                                                      |

| <u>PAGE NO.</u> | <u>SCENE NO.</u> | <u>DETAILS</u>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 23              | 60               | PRITCHARD's 1st speech should now read:<br>PRITCHARD<br>Correct. My son took our carriage to his club as I said in my statement. Then I sent a boy who was loitering about down to the Strand to fetch me a cab. I heard the scream several minutes later. |
| 27              | 74               | DELETE SCENE 74                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 32              | 91               | DELETE CARRIAGE: Now<br>INT. CAB. DAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 33              | 93               | PRITCHARD's last speech should read:<br>PRITCHARD<br>No...no Anna. I have a perfectly fine cook-housekeeper and maid. What you will be expected to do, my dear, is become a member of my family.                                                           |
| 34              | 94               | ANNA's 1st line should read:<br>ANNA<br>(astounded)<br>Family?                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 34              | 95               | PRITCHARD's lines should now read:<br>PRITCHARD<br>Yes. You shall learn how to wear pretty clothes. How to pour tea and make the most ridiculous conversation in London.                                                                                   |
| 34              | 97               | ANNA's first line: DELETE It's beautiful.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 46              | 122              | DELETE Fleur de Lys and INSERT necklace.                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 50              | 135              | DELETE SCENE 135                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |

| <u>PAGE NO.</u> | <u>SCENE NO.</u> | <u>DETAILS</u>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 50              | 136              | ATTENDANT is female i. e.<br>MICHAEL<br>(to the attendant tipping her).                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 52              | 139              | DOLLY's 2nd speech should read:<br>DOLLY<br>Wait till you see this on.                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|                 | 140              | DOLLY's 1st speech should read:<br>DOLLY<br>It'll look lovely with that dress.<br><br>Change Fleur de lys to <u>Necklace</u> .                                                                                                                            |
|                 | 141/142          | Change Fleur de lys to <u>Necklace</u> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 85              | 257              | DELETE PRITCHARD and ANNA's first<br>two speeches.                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 99              | 299              | MRS. BRYANT's 2nd speech should read:<br>MRS. BRYANT<br>Go alone! Go alone! You can't be seen out<br>together two days before your wedding<br>unchaperoned. It's unheard of, and who'll<br>look after Miss Laura.<br><br>DELETE MRS. BRYANT's 3rd speech. |
| 99              | 301              | MICHAEL's speech: DELETE 'dear girl'                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 100             | 302              | Should now read:<br>CLOSE ON MRS. BRYANT, none too pleased.<br>MRS. BRYANT<br>Don't get too tired Miss Laura. You<br>see she doesn't, Mr. Michael...<br>(ignores ANNA.)                                                                                   |

PRITCHARD

I'll leave you now. I'm worried about Anna. She should have arrived a long time ago.

MICHAEL

Very well, Father. We shan't be late.

PRITCHARD

Laura, Mrs. Bryant will see you into your room, and look after your needs when you return.

LAURA

Thank you Doctor Pritchard.

PRITCHARD leaves.

138 TWC SHOT. LAURA and MICHAEL

LAURA

I'm sorry Michael. Something seems to have spoilt the evening for your father.

MICHAEL

But not my evening darling.

He takes hold of her hand reassuringly.

139 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

ANNA stands before the mirror in the dress looking beautiful.

ANNA

Oh, Dolly it's so beautiful, I'm afraid to move for fear I'll wake up.

DOLLY

(slaps her backside)

You're not asleep Miss Anna. Here, take a look at the back.

DOLLY gives her a hand mirror, it is of a very classic design with a silver handle. The mirror glass itself has no surrounding frame but is only supported by the handle.

| <u>PAGE NO.</u> | <u>SCENE NO.</u> | <u>DETAILS</u>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 69              | 201              | <p>LONG LIZ's speech should now read:</p> <p>LONG LIZ</p> <p>Now though, it's all too regulated, what with the police on you and the price of gin..... continue as is.</p>                                                                                               |
|                 | 202              | <p>DELETE: RE VAMP OF ANNA's room in MRS. GOLDING's house.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 70              | 202              | <p>LONG LIZ's speech should now read _</p> <p>LONG LIZ</p> <p>Now I'll just have a little drop of this to clear the froat dear. That's what could have pul all the girls in such a nasty temper dear. But not to worry Loag Liz will look after you. Continue as is.</p> |
|                 | 204              | <p>DELETE: (It's the Street Arab from the square.</p> <p>LINES SHOULD READ AS FOLLOWS:</p> <p>FRITCHARD</p> <p>Cut of my way.</p> <p>TRAMP</p> <p>Looking for a carriage, your lordship?</p>                                                                             |
| 71              | 205<br>206       | <p>STREET ARAB is now TRAMP</p> <p>- do -</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|                 | 208              | <p>ALEXANDER's THEME IS NOW THE RIPPER'S THEME.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 72              | 210/212/213      | <p>DELETE ALEXANDER INSERT RIPPER</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 75              | 218              | <p>1ST WHORE SPEECH SHOULD NOW READ</p> <p>1ST WHORE</p> <p>(screams)</p> <p>Oh, she's been done... Look at her. She's been done. It's the Ripper all over again.</p>                                                                                                    |



122 INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

An opulent Victorian restaurant with pillars and mirrors and a dance floor and a small orchestra.

LAURA and MICHAEL holding one another closely both lost in their happiness, are dancing a waltz. The CAMERA whirls with them so they remain motionless as the room and it's crystal mirrors swing past in a tumbling jewelled blur (similar effect to the necklace).

123 ANOTHER ANGLE

As the music ends and MICHAEL takes LAURA's arm and guides her through the corridor of tables and flaming trolleys to their table in the corner. LAURA always walks head up and confidently and does not appear to be blind.

LAURA

Darling, I'm sure your holding me like that is ruining both our reputations but I could do that all night.

MICHAEL

Then we shall.

LAURA

As soon as we're married, please. Anyway, there's no music...your Father's waiting...and any more and I shall faint with joy.

MICHAEL

Oh bother Father.

124 P.C.V. SHOT OF PRITCHARD

DOCTOR PRITCHARD is seated at the table watching LAURA & MICHAEL approach with a sardonic expression.

SCENES 125-136 DELETED (PAGES 47-53 CUT)

137 ANOTHER ANGLE

PRITCHARD rises as MICHAEL and LAURA reach the table. MICHAEL fusses with LAURA as she sits down and then sits himself. PRITCHARD remains standing. He looks at his watch.